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Soul Time is Summer Time.

"I wandered forth alone," sang she,
"When summer flowers were young,
And birds made merry songs for me,
The summer woods among;
And gayly, gayly danced the rill,
And balmy was the air;
But there was something failed me still,
Though all the land was fair.

"The blossoms all are dead," she sings,
"That graced the summer time;
And summer birds have spread their wings,
To seek a softer clime.
The wintry sky is dark above;
The silent woods are bare;
But thou art near me, oh, my love,
And all the land is fair."

Longing.

Near in the forest
I know a glade;
Under the tree-tops
A secret shade.

Vines are the curtains,
Blossoms the floor;
Voices of waters
Sing evermore.

There, when the sunset's
Lances of gold
Pierce, or the moonlight
Is silvery cold,

Would that an angel
Led thee to me—
So out of loneliness
Love should be.

Never the breezes
Should lisp what we say,
Never the waters
Our secret betray.

Silence and shadow
After night reign,
But the old life be ours
Never again.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

THE INN AT THE GAP.

I was just starting out in the world, and was twenty-two years old. I had graduated the previous year, and had just been trying to get an appointment as an army surgeon; but, failing in this, went westward, to find a place in which to commence and make my reputation. Savannah was my native place, and from there I started to find my way into Kentucky. I should have gone out earlier in the season, but I did not get off on my expedition until the last of November. In those days there were not even regular lines of stages over many traveled routes; but parties would join together and get somebody who had a covered wagon to carry them through from point to point, and divide the expense. It was so on the especial time that I passed through the Gap.

There were six of us altogether; but the only one with whom I made any acquaintance was a soldier on furlough, going into Kentucky on a visit to his relatives. He was a fine-looking, bluff fellow, with an off-hand way of telling his camp-life experiences that pleased me very much, and made me regret exceedingly my want of success in getting my applied for surgeonship. I had not gone very far with Sergeant Beach before I confessed that I liked him very much, and agreed to go with him to his home, and look around in that neighborhood for a settlement. He, on the other side, seemed disposed to extend a sort of protection over me, for in those days I was rather a puny specimen, and looked as though I might need something of that kind.

Before three o'clock on the day of our setting out we had dropped our passengers, one by one along the road, until Sergeant Beach and myself were the only ones left. About that time it came on to snow, the wind driving it into the wagon, and making everything very uncomfortable, in spite of the warmth of our clothes. Down it came, faster and faster, until it turned out as heavy a storm as had ever been seen in that part of the country. The driver wanted to turn back, but we would not permit it, and urged the tired horses on in the hope of reaching a village. At last the effort was of no use; and while the panting horses stopped to get a little breath we asked the driver whether there was not any place about there where he could stay for the night.

The man hesitated, and then, being urged, answered: "Yes; there's a tavern just below here in the Gap, if ye like to stay there."

"What is the matter with it?" was Sergeant Beach's question.

He didn't know. Had never seen anything himself, but had heard a great deal of talk. We might stay there all night if we liked; but as for him, he'd go back a mile or two anyway, and get stabling for his horses, and come over for us in the morning. We tried to say something to the man, but it was of no use; and so we were obliged to consent to the arrangement, and the horses were once more urged forward, and in a few minutes we found ourselves hallooing in front of a large, unpainted board house, a rarity in this part of the country, without a sign of a light, for it was then after dark, glimmering through its windows.

With some trouble we aroused the inmates, and got admittance; and the landlord, a large, sullen looking man, who eyed us and our baggage very strangely, kindled a fire himself; while his wife, a slatternly woman, went about getting us some supper.

Very soon there was a smoking dish of some kind of stew upon the table, smelling rather good, and some hot corn bread. To my astonishment, though the sergeant drew up to the opposite side of the table at the same time as I did, he at once turned to the landlord and asked whether he had nothing cold in the house. Yes, he had a cold chicken. I declared I would rather have the stew; but a quick kick under the table broke me off before the preference was half expressed, and the landlord left the room to get a chicken, as well as to boil some eggs which Beach had ordered.

He had scarcely time to whisper to me, impressively, to do as I saw him do, and eat nothing but what he eat, when the landlord returned with the fowl. I did not exactly understand the matter, but I obeyed orders, and eat as I had been instructed, all the time much annoyed by the slipping in and out of the landlord and his wife, one of them, as it were, continually mounting guard over us.

At last, the sergeant, as I thought, simply to remove the silence and restraint, spoke to the landlord.

"Anybody stopping here for the night, landlord?"

"Nobody but a traveling parson," answered the landlord, sullenly. "He's going into Tennessee to try for biz'ness."

"What's his name?" was Beach's next question.

"Name—name!" was the landlord's answer, as though thinking. "Let me see! Guess it's Graham, or suthin' o' that! Yes, it's Graham."

"May be Mr. Graham would come in and have a little talk with us."

The landlord went out to bring in Graham. In a few minutes they returned, Graham making an awkward bow as he entered, and saying something awkwardly that at once struck me as unlike a clergyman; for however uneducated were the traveling preachers of those days, they were all men who knew and practiced the amenities of life, and were at ease in whatever society they were thrown. The sergeant gave him one quick reading glance, as he came in, and then welcomed him to the hospitalities of the supper.

The evening soon passed away, with no desire to prolong it, for Graham quickly showed himself an ignorant man, without conversation. The landlord was recalled, and a request was made for our rooms.

I had scarce got into my room and commenced undressing myself, when my door, which had no fastening, opened, and in walked the sergeant, carrying his haversack, and without his lamp. I was surprised, and made some expression of it.

"Hush! man, if you know what you are about! We're in a den of thieves and murderers! I shall stay here to-night, and sit in that chair!"

I opened my eyes wide. The sergeant directly examined the door, and found it without fastening but the latch; and then the other, leading into a side room, which was in the same condition. Without addressing another word to me, he went, in a business-like way, to his haversack, and took from there, first, a pair of holster pistols; and secondly, the barrel and stock of a carbine, separated for ease of carriage. The last he put together in a few moments, and loaded with a brace of balls; the first he examined carefully, reprimed, and handed me one of them. Then taking the lamp, he set it carefully on a stool, half-way between the door and the chair on which he proposed to sit, and then coming up to me, issued his orders.

"You take up your position on the bed, and watch that door, pointing to the one leading from the side room. Don't fire until I have done so and missed, and then take the best chance you can get."

"Why, you don't think, sergeant, that those two men will attack us?" I asked, deprecatingly; for though I did not like the way the landlord acted, I had no thought there was any danger.

"Those two men!" he whispered, frowning. "Two! for all we know, there are a dozen in the house. That landlord's wife was no woman. It was a man, as certain as I am!"

A shudder ran over me at this, for I instantly remembered that the woman had a sharp and masculine look, that added much to the unpleasantness of her being in the room below. I kept still some time thinking of this, and within fifteen minutes I distinctly saw the door I had been bidden to watch open, and the shadow of a head cast upon the wall. The sergeant was within my line of sight, and with the movement of the door I could see his carbine rise, and hear the click of the hammer. A moment elapsed, and the door slowly closed, and once more all was still. I lay perfectly quiet, not daring to speak to the sergeant, and so another hour rolled past. Then, once more, that door opened as before, and once more the shadow appeared, once more the carbine rose, and the click was heard, and once more as silently the shadow disappeared, and the door was closed.

It was a long and weary night that we watched without speaking, and notwithstanding the danger, I could not sometimes avoid falling into a few minutes' doze, from which, every time that I would start up, there sat the sergeant, immovable as a statue, his carbine resting on his knee, and facing the door.

Morning came at last, the first streak of daylight, and we began to stir. The agreement with our driver was that he was to be with us at daylight, whether it continued to snow or not. The drift was deep, but it had ceased to fall, and punctual to his promise, the man was before the house with his wagon. I thought he gave a start of surprise as we made our appearance at the door. As on the night before, the sergeant declined the cooked dishes and coffee, and calling up the cold fowl and a few more eggs, we made our breakfast.

"Keep your eyes open, and your hand on your pistol all the time, but under your coat!" was Beach's whispered injunction to me, when we had finished eating, and were about going to the wagon.

No sooner were we seated in the vehicle than Graham made his appearance, and begged that he might be allowed to go on with us for a few miles to a house where he was to stop the rest of the day—a favor that, to my surprise, Beach instantly granted.

We were no sooner under way, say a quarter of a mile from the house, than I saw the sergeant began to feel rapidly in his pockets, and about his person, a move that astonished me as much as it did Graham. Then suddenly he burst forth with: "Heaven and earth, doctor, I've left my wallet and all my money under my pillow! I must go back."

For an instant I was staggered, but I saw there must be something in it, and kept silent.

"Can't your friend go for it?" Graham asked.

I made no response, only wrapping myself closer in the wagon blanket.

"I'll go, if you want me to," were Graham's next words, doubtfully. "I wish you would, dominie," was Beach's rather coaxing response. "You're a younger man than I am; and, you see"—this he said whisperingly—"I don't like to trust everybody."

Graham gave a rather pleased spring from the wagon, and went off rapidly towards the house, disappearing at a turn in the road. No sooner was he out of sight than Beach instantly brought his pistol to bear upon the driver, and addressed him: "See here, stranger, I don't know anything about you. You may be all right, but I am determined to look out for myself. I want you to drive on just as fast as the law allows ye, and a little faster. Go it now, and if ye slack up, or make any signs, you're a dead man. Lay on the lash."

The driver gave one astonished stare at the sergeant, and without a word in reply, gave the horses a cut that astonished them, and away we went through the snow at a rate that threw the light, dry drift all over us. That was the way we went for nearly seven miles, until we reached a village, where we had the good luck to come across a recruiting party, the officer in command of which was an old comrade of the sergeant. A few words from Beach told the whole story, and the agreement was settled to make a raid upon the house that night, and bring whatever mystery there might be within it to a conclusion.

Are you sure you're right, sergeant?" I said, after the arrangement had been made.

"Sure I am right!" he echoed. "Do I look like a man to make mistakes? See here, doctor; I knew that fellow, Graham, in a moment. His real name is Hawkins. He has forgotten me, but I shall remember him to his dying day. He was with us at Plattsburgh, and deserted after committing robbery and murder, and I was one of the men detached to pursue him. We overtook the scoundrel, but did not succeed in getting him, though that scar that you saw upon his cheek is my own mark. I knew it the moment I saw it, the very slash of my saber."

Sergeant Beach wanted me to stay behind that night when they went down to visit the inn at the Gap, but that wouldn't suit me, so on I went. We had made all our arrangements in advance. Two new men, unknown to the landlady, were to go in citizens' dress, and put up in the inn, and when fairly housed, long enough to draw together those who operated within its bounds, we were to rush in and take the party.

The thing was well managed in all respects but that of being too quick. The two sent in became timid, and gave the alarm too quick, the result of which was we surrounded the house, and, rushing in, took only the landlord, his wife and the assumed preacher prisoners. A search through the premises at once disclosed the dread nature of what had been going on there for years. Clothing and effects of murdered men, blood stains, and papers that would only have been relinquished with life. Bedding, with the fresh blood-drip upon it, and knives that spoke positively of a murderous use.

The soldiers had not been five minutes in the house before they had turned the landlord's wife into a hard featured, muscular, grey-eyed rascal, young, but full of villainy; and we had not been ten minutes on our route with the prisoners towards some place of security before the landlord gave in and made free confession, charging Graham with being the inciting cause and working the whole thing.

Graham's mouth twitched fearfully, especially when, after an hour's travel and examination of the sergeant under the full glare of the sun, his memory came back as to who he was. Then, perhaps feeling that his life was gone anyhow, he made one dash into the swamp skirting the road, and although he was twice warned to stop, kept on, plunging desperately through the black mud. A half-dozen carbines playing on him at once, finished the matter. We saw him fall, and sink in the dark, slimy mud, going gradually all under, and after standing nearly fifteen minutes watching the spot, the conclusion come to was that he never would trouble anybody any more, and so we went on.

The landlord and his pseudo wife were carried down to the county town, where the court was then in session; and the result was that a cloud of witnesses, springing from all directions, made them responsible for a score of murders. In less than a month from the day of their capture they were swinging upon one gibbet; and the night of the hanging some quiet party from somewhere about the country took a walk over to the Gap inn and made a bonfire of it.

The Potato.

Of all products of the soil there are none, except perhaps a few cereals, whose cultivation ought to be better understood than that of the potato. It is the most valuable of our vegetables, and the most generally grown, and it is also the one which has been most often affected by serious disaster. It is, however, at intervals during the current century that the potato crops have suffered most. In 1822 much loss was felt by the potatoes rotting almost as soon as they were out of the ground. In 1831 and 1838 the "taint" destroyed the crops. In 1845 and following years murrain, or "potato disease," as it was specifically called, led to famine and much suffering. During recent years dry rot, aphides, fungi, or some unknown cause, has affected the potatoes, and in many instances destroyed them. Three centuries nearly have passed since this vegetable was introduced into Europe, and although there are recorded instances where the supply was almost ruined by frosts, it is chiefly within the last fifty years only that it has failed from disease. Whether the art of cultivating the potato has been lost; whether we have imperceptibly glided into methods of culture that are not suitable; or whether any change has come over the plant itself, are questions undetermined. But there seems little room for doubt that the subject is one which deserves the most careful attention of practical agriculturists and men of science. It is one which so intimately affects the interests of the community generally that it cannot easily receive too much attention. While, therefore, we have to record the appearance of a new form of the disease in Europe, it is gratifying to know that the progress of it is being carefully watched and all the phenomena closely examined. It appears to be very prevalent, and generally spread throughout the country. At the same time it is remarked that English varieties, and American varieties when grown from imported seed, are perfectly free. For example, in the gardens of the Horticultural Society at Chiswick is a row of Regents in perfect health; next to them a row of Early Rose from English seed utterly ruined, and next to them again a row of the same kind from imported seed, in the best condition.

Some Valuable Shorthorns.

A remarkable collection of shorthorn cattle is now attracting attention in New York city, where they are awaiting shipment to England for breeding purposes. They number fourteen in all, and have been selected by competent and experienced buyers from every part of the United States and Canada at the almost fabulous cost of $125,000. They are the property of Mr. George W. Fox, the foreign partner of A. T. Stewart. Of the fourteen valuable animals three are from Kentucky, eight from New York, two from Indiana, and one from Canada. The two most valuable are from the celebrated plantation of Mr. A. J. Alexander, of Woodlawn Park, Kentucky, and for them Mr. Fox paid the sum of $30,000. One is a bull and the other a heifer. For the former $12,000 was paid, and for the latter $18,000. This very choice selection of our purest and best pedigree stock cannot fail to raise our prestige in the old country. They have been chosen for personal merit, and are to join one of the most important herds across the Atlantic. It is no easy matter to ship this valuable lot of animals, and therefore Mr. Fox and his numerous agents are personally superintending the preparations made for their accommodation. Numerous carpenters are preparing stalls between decks, which will be heavily padded, so that no matter how much the vessel may roll and toss the safety of the animals will not be in danger. The animals will be conveyed from London to the estates of Mr. Fox, located at Litchfied, Staffordshire, and at Winslow, Cheshire, which are among the largest and most celebrated of cattle raising districts.

The Lazy Daughter.

Among the worst features of a badly minded daughter, we would first single out indolence, or, to use the rough and more expressive English word, laziness. A lazy, sofa-lolling, lie-a-bed late in the morning young woman is an affront to her sex, and in her own family more a curse than a blessing to her mother. She is a burden, and to her father an object of contempt. She is also a great promoter of domestic strife, and a shocking example to her younger sisters. Such a being crawls, instead of walking with tripping alacrity, through life. She dawdles instead of works, her speech is vulgar, and altogether her ways are very bad indeed; and to add to her misdeeds, her health suffers through her folly, and thus she wantonly imposes a grievous tax on the purse and patience of her parents. For a girl to be idle in the flush of her youth is to invite any and all kinds of calamities to befall her with blistering anguish, and, depend upon it, the downward career of most afflicted women may be primarily traced to this early and wicked habit, for it is nothing else, it being as easy for a young woman to be industrious as the reverse.

French Artists.

The *Figaro* gives the following dialogue of two French artists strolling through the exhibition. One asks of the other:

"How are you getting along?"

"Oh, very well," is the answer. "I ask now twelve thousand francs" (twenty-four hundred dollars) "for a head, and twenty thousand" (four thousand dollars) "for a full-length portrait."

"Those are my prices also."

They walk on a little further.

"How many orders have you got at those prices?"

"Not one. And you?"

"Not one either."

The Old Story.

Miles McNamara lives at or near Guelph, Ontario. He came to Windsor on Dominion day to participate in the annual celebration. He spent the day pleasantly and retired at midnight with the intention of rising early, in order, as he said to the clerk of the hotel, "to put in a day or two in Detroit" before his return home. He accordingly arose early Friday morning and took the first ferry boat for Detroit. On touching American soil he celebrated the event by taking a "drop," which he did at one of the saloons on the dock. This accomplished he walked leisurely up the avenue. He saw many beautiful things in the show windows, and stopping now and then to see them he attracted the eagle eye of a sharper, who walked up to Mr. McNamara and touched him lightly on the shoulder. Miles turned, and before he had time to say a word the stranger, grasping both of his hands in his, gave him a cordial shake of welcome. Mr. McNamara looked him in the face and quietly asked with whom he had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance.

"Forming an acquaintance, indeed," indignantly remarked the sharper. "Don't you know me, or are you near-sighted?"

Miles shook his head dubiously, and answered that he didn't think they had ever met before.

"Here is my card," said the sharper, drawing a printed pasteboard containing his full address, "Henry Little, M. D., Detroit," out of his coat pocket. "Now do you know who I am?"

McNamara said, musingly: "Little? Little? why I never knew a doctor by that name in Guelph."

That was precisely what the sharper wanted, and having ascertained where Miles came from he had but little difficulty in getting his name. He knew all about Guelph, of course, mentioned the names of several prominent residents of that town and soon succeeded in ingratiating himself into McNamara's confidence.

Saturday morning shortly after daybreak the watchman of a vessel at the foot of Rivard street heard a sudden splash in the water, just off the bow of the boat. Rushing thither he saw a man struggling in the river. He grasped a pike-pole and hauled the drowning man ashore just before he made his final plunge. He was laid out on the dock, rolled over, and turned up side down until the water had been dumped out of him. In an hour he was able to converse, when he related his meeting with "Dr. Little," and added the old, old story—whisky, females, more whisky, cards, a drive and drugged lemonade. The last thing he could recall was being thrown out of an Atwater street saloon, from whence in his stupor he wandered to the river and fell in. On searching his pockets he made the discovery that his wallet, containing over fifty dollars, and English lever watch were missing. The thieves had also stolen his wedding ring and a penknife. Sympathizing people gave him shelter until his clothes were dry, when they supplied him with a small sum of money and sent him over the river, where some merchants, to whom he told his story, bought a railroad ticket and started him for Guelph. —*Detroit Free Press.*

A Talking Match.

The death of Joshua George, of Warner, says the Concord (N. H.) *Monitor*, has revived the recollection in the minds of his old neighbors of an occurence in which he took part many years ago. Mr. George was a very great talker. He would talk by the hour, and never seem to grow weary. But he once found his match in Mr. Ellery Brown. He, too, was a great talker, as well as a great devourer of newspapers. These men often met and talked and argued. Mr. George was sharp, often witty, and bound always to have the last word. Mr. Brown was deep, and, like the late Horace Greeley, had the current intelligence of the papers at his tongue's end. One warm summer afternoon, toward night, they met in the street near Mr. George's residence, and engaged in a friendly conversation. Mr. Brown was unusually full that day, for some political news of a cheerful nature had been received, and Mr. Brown was explaining it to Mr. George, who did not care anything about politics. Well, they talked until the sun went down. The hour of ten had come and gone, but they heeded it not. Neighbors went past them, perhaps stopped a few moments, and then hurried home, for the hour was getting late. Midnight came, and these men were there, the full moon looking down upon them. The small hours came, and still they talked. It was Greek met Greek. One was determined to stay as long as the other. In the morning, as neighbors arose and looked out to catch the cool breeze, they saw Messrs. George and Brown still standing where they had left them many hours before. Finally, as the sun was coming up, they parted, each going to his home. It is not positively known who had the last word, but the chances are in favor of Mr. George.

Singular Grass Rotation.

Wherever the pastures of western Missouri have been destroyed by the grasshoppers, new varieties of grass have sprung up which the oldest inhabitant never saw before. The principal of these is a green bunch grass of luxuriant growth, which now covers pastures and dooryards where only blue grass has grown for many a year. Stock eat it with avidity, and some persons contend that it is a buffalo grass, while others see in it a resemblance to other grasses of the plains and mountains west of us. A Kansas city paper says: We hope that its development will be studied by some expert in the botany of this continent, for its origin may throw a new and important light upon the origin or migration of the locusts. The seed was evidently brought here and deposited by the swarm that laid eggs in this region last fall. If brought here from Kansas or Colorado only, its identity would surely have been determined ere this by old plainsmen who are so numerous hereabout. It has put forth no seed stalk as yet, and perhaps in this climate it may not go to seed this year. Who will first inform us whence it came and what may be expected from it?

A Sociable Steer.

About six months ago Mr. F. A. Wright, while walking down a pleasant lane near Osceola, Iowa, was met and accosted by a restless steer, who suggested a little promenade. Mr. Wright had no objection, so he turned around and went back on his track, so as to go the same way as the steer was going. Then the steer waltzed him down that lane, in and out of the fence corners across a forty acre lot, under a bridge, through a stackyard, around a barn three or four times, under a haywagon and out again, through an orchard over a pair of bars, into a milkhouse, through a blackberry patch, and up a shell-bark hickory, and, while trying to climb the tree after him, the steer fell and broke his neck, and, if the owner of that sociable animal didn't bring suit against Mr. Wright for malicious mischief in killing that steer! But the jury discharged the murderer without a struggle, and piled the costs on the prosecutor.

Origin of the Express Business.

Travelers on the Long Island sound of about thirty-seven years ago might have observed on board the steamer then running between Providence and New York an undersized, delicately built, sanguine looking young man who accompanied the vessel on alternate trips, and constantly carried in his hand a small carpet bag of half a bushel capacity. He was William F. Harnden, and his bag contained the beginnings of the express forwarding business of the United States, which, with the exception of the railways and telegraphs, now surpasses all other private enterprises in the world.

Born at Reading, Massachusetts, in 1812, he was employed as conductor of the first passenger train that ran in New England, and was afterward promoted to the position of ticket agent on the Boston and Worcester railway. The sedentary deskwork did not suit him, however, and in 1837 he came to New York in search of more congenial employment. At the corner of Wall and Pearl streets stood the old Tontine coffee house, a famous resort for the merchants and shipowners of those days, and in connection with it there was an admirable newsroom, conducted by James W. Hale, a local celebrity, who afterward extended his fame by promoting a cheap postal system in opposition to the government. Mr. Hale was a man of varied experience and a genial disposition. He was one of the most active men of his day, and Harnden went to him for advice in seeking employment. Hale became interested in him, and in the course of a few days advised him to establish himself as an expressman between New York and Boston—a business never before transacted and a name never before assumed.

As there have been other claimants to the honor of having originated the enterprise, and as Mr. Hale is still living, I will repeat a statement which he made to me in July last. There was never a day, he said, that inquiries were not made at the newsroom for some person going to Boston or Providence. Some wanted to send small parcels to their friends, others letters or circulars; but the most frequent applicants were money brokers who wanted to forward packages of Eastern bank notes to Boston for redemption. If, an acquaintance was found on the boat he was pounced upon without ceremony and burdened with the packages, which were sometimes worth many thousand dollars. But if a friend did not appear the things were often intrusted to entire strangers, with the moderate request that they would deliver them immediately after their arrival. Merchants and brokers seeking gratuitous transportation for their letters contributed largely to the excitement attending the departure of the steamer, and many persons will remember the nights of anxiety they have passed on the sound when such unexpected wealth has been temporarily thrust upon them. "When Harnden called upon me for advice," Mr. Hale stated, "I thought of the daily inquiries made at my office, 'Do you know anybody going to Boston this evening?' and I immediately advised him to travel between the two cities and do errands for the business men. I also suggested that the new enterprise should be called 'The Express,' which gave the idea of speed, promptitude and fidelity."

Harnden hesitated for several days, doubting whether the scheme would be profitable, but eventually he decided to try it, and bought the historic traveling bag, which is still preserved in Boston. A small slate for orders was hung in the newsroom, and the patrons of that institution were Harnden's chief patrons. The old merchants had become so accustomed to transportation of smaller articles without cost that they did not readily observe the advantages "the express" offered, and at the end of two months Harnden found all his capital absorbed. His receipts were less than his expenses, and he would have discontinued the service had not some friends procured free passages for him on an opposition steamboat. With the passage money as a subsidy, "the express" prospered, and the business so increased that Harnden soon engaged an assistant.

Funny Cures.

Cæsar held that to die quickly was to die happily; so, too, thought one whose case was cited by Montaigne as an instance of fortune playing the physician. Jason Phereus, troubled with an incurable imposthumation, resolved to end his pain by dying in battle, and throwing himself in the thickest of the fight was run through the body, which caused the imposthumation to break, and his wound healing he found life enjoyable after all. This lucky hero, who could brave death better than he could endure pain, owed his cure to a foe. A quinsy afflicted cardinal had to thank a monkey for a like good turn. The physicians had left him to die, and as he lay, hopelessly waiting for the end, the dying cardinal saw his servants carry off everything that was movable, without being able even to expostulate with the thieves. At length his pet ape came into the room, and, taking the hint from the provident lackeys, looked round for something he could appropriate. Nothing was left but the cardinal's hat; this the ape donned, and, proud of novel headgear, indulged in such odd antics that his all but dead master burst into a hearty fit of laughter; the quinsy broke, and the cardinal recovered, as much to his own astonishment as to the dismay of his plundering servants.

About a Monkey.

I was making a cake one day, preparing for company, and the monkey followed me into the pantry and watched everything I did. Unfortunately dinner was announced in the midst of my work, and I left it, making him get out, rather against his will. I knew him too well to trust him in the pantry alone. After dinner I returned to my cookery. Having carefully locked the door, I was surprised to see my pet there before me. His attitude was ominous; he was on the top of the barrel two-thirds full of flour, and busily occupied. He had got hold of my egg-box, broken two or three dozen, smashing them in the flour barrel, with all the sugar within reach. These he was vigorously beating into the flour, shells and all, stooping now and then to take a taste, with a countenance as grave as a judge's. In my dismay and grief I did not scold him. Yet to see my materials so used up, and we living in the country, and guests coming! He had a most satisfied air, as if he meant: "Look! the main operations of the pantry are now over." I had forgotten the broken pane of glass in the window.

The Swordfish.

The swordfish is allied to the mackerel, which it resembles in form, and is a swift swimmer. The sword is a most formidable blade, consisting of a strong straight bone, sharp and flat, projecting horizontally from the nose, of which it is a prolongation. The swordfish is found in considerable numbers off the island of Martha's Vineyard, coast of Massachusetts, at this season of the year. Its flesh is considered excellent food by many persons, and the annual catch is quite large. The ordinary length of the body of the fish at full growth is fourteen feet, and its sword six feet, or twenty feet in all.

POSSIBLY INNOCENT.

A Fear that a Citizen of Georgia was Unjustly Hanged on the Charge of Murder.

The Atlanta (Ga.) *Commonwealth*, publishes some remarkable statements concerning the execution of Lloyd and Holsonbake in that State in 1872 for the murder of Judge Fish. Judge Fish was in 1871 appointed judge of the district court of Macon and two other counties by Bullock, then Governor of Georgia. A short time afterwards he was assassinated in Oglethorpe one night while on his way from the railway depot to his residence. A reward of $6,000 was offered by the executive for the arrest and conviction of murderers, and in a short time Lloyd and Holsonbake were arrested as the guilty parties and placed upon trial. The theory of the prosecution was that Lloyd, an old man over sixty years of age, had been an applicant for the position of district judge, and that he hated his successful opponent. Making Holsonbake believe that improper relations existed between Fish and Holsonbake's wife, he induced him to waylay and murder his supposed rival. The prisoners were placed in a room where detectives were concealed, and it is said that their conviction was secured principally by the statements of the dectives of the conversation they had overheard. They were sentenced to death, and an applicativn having been made to the supreme court for a new trial that tribunal approved the judgment of the court below, and the execution was ordered to proceed. The friends of Lloyd maintained that he was the victim of a conspiracy which had been prompted by the large reward offered by the governor. Young Lloyd, a son of the condemned man and one of the solicitor generals of the State, made every exertion to secure executive clemency for his father. But Gov. Smith, guided by the verdict of the superior court, declined to interfere. The execution took place a short time afterward.

Upon the scaffold Holsonbake admitted that he was the guilty party, saying: "I am the man who took his (Fish's) life." Lloyd, upon the contrary, solemnly protested his innocence of the crime with which he was charged. He is reported to have spoken as follows: "He was in his sixty-second year; had never had a difficulty; never had been arrested; never paid a fine or costs; had lived an honorable and useful life; had never himself, or in collusion with others, entertained one iota of criminal feeling against any man." He declared that Jones, Farrow, and the detectives had hatched the matter up. "I swear," said he, "that before you and my God, before whom I shall soon appear, I am innocent. If I had dreamed of such a thing, I would not have allowed it." He said his death was a conspiracy, and W. C. Jones was at the bottom of it; his blood would cry for vengeance; and concluded: "I put my blood on him (Jones) for three generations, and call on God to witness it. Jones got Stubbs out and exerted himself to convict me. I want all of Mr. Fish's family to know it. I am innocent."

The *Commonwealth* intimates that Lloyd's plea of innocence was true, and he was unjustly done to death by parties who procured his conviction for the sake of the reward. That paper says:

These protestations of innocence, coming as they did from the very lips of death, excited in the minds of those who heard and read them many doubts of the man's guilt and a nameless suspicion that a foul conspiracy had been made to swear away the life of an innocent man in order to obtain the reward. This suspicion grew in the minds of some until it became so tangible that they determined to ferret the thing to the bottom, and when it became known that one of the parties, now holding rank in the United States civil service, had been awarded $2,000 of the bloody money, the clew was so direct that they had no further doubt about it, and went to work directly at the root of the matter. One of the detectives was confronted, and, while the dying words of Lloyd was read, he confessed that it was true, and that they had "put up a job" in order to get the reward. Shortly after this, this detective was killed, and his lips were closed forever. Now his widow has been seen, and she reluctantly confesses that her husband, while in the agony of remorse, had confessed to her that he had been a party in swearing away the life of Lloyd, and that it was all done to get the money. The facts of the case have been ingeniously worked up, and the testimony in the case has been forwarded to Washington, to be laid before the Department of Justice, as its matter materially affects the character of one of its officials.

The Sensation of Suicide.

A Paris newspaper gives this extract from the notes of a young fellow who tried to commit suicide and was cut down before suffocation was complete. He was delighted to return to life, and it is noted that would-be suicides who are rescued from their self-sought fate rarely renew their attempts to shuffle off this mortal coil: When I stood on the chair the mirror on the chimneypiece involuntarily attracted me; and I looked at myself as I fastened the slip-knot around my neck. Blood flowed to my head, for my face was very red; something took place at the same time in my optic nerves, for it seemed to me that my face suddenly began to make grimaces. My eyes and nose changed places incessantly, like the pieces of a kaleidoscope. I kicked the chair from under me and fell with the sensation that I had been struck on the top of my head with a hammer. I did not at first feel the rope around my neck. The only very clear impression which followed the blow with the hammer on my skull was that of great heaviness in the head. It seemed to me that my head was larger and heavier on my shoulders than the great bell of Notre Dame. At the same time I felt an immense night falling in and around me. Then I felt extremely cold at my lower extremities, and at the same time an acute, terrible pain in my neck, which was produced by the rope, which cut my skin and sawed my veins. Then I felt nothing. Evidently this was the moment when my good aunt Cecil entered my room and cut me down.

Sugar in Beetroots.

Here is another chemical jotting, but it is one that has more connection with the industrial welfare of Ireland than with medicine. Professor Cameron, the well known Dublin chemist, has recently been devoting his attention to the sugar yielding power of beetroot grown in Ireland, and he has shown that the beetroot crops produced in that country are superior in that respect to those grown on the continent. On account of its mild winter and the absence of severe drought in summer, the climate of Ireland has been well adapted for the culture of beet. Good Irish roots yield from ten to twelve per cent. of sugar, the average being that thirteen tons will produce one ton of sugar, worth £24, in addition to £4 worth of molasses, and refuse, pulp, etc., used for feeding cattle; and as about twenty tons per acre may be considered a fair average crop, it will be seen that the speculation ought to be a successful one.

"Bonanza of Health" is what they call a new sulphur spring reached by an artesian boring at Hopkinsville, Ky.

A Pennsylvania Funeral Feast.

Some time ago, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, I was present at the funeral of the wife of one of the most respectable and influential Germans. Respect for her memory was shown by the expense lavished on her funeral. The Germans universally consider it the greatest mark of respect they can offer to attend the funeral, and most pressing business of the farm will be suspended for that purpose. In this case, as we approached the house, for the distance of one-fourth of a mile carriages were hitched as closely as they would stand along the public roadside, fields were thrown open, and the interior fences used for the same purpose. The large double house, porches, balconies, and grounds were packed with people. It being known that my husband was to be there in an official character, a way with much difficulty was made for us into the interior of the house. Religious services were held in German and English, and then the body was conveyed to its last resting place on the farm, all wealthy families having private burial grounds. According to a beautiful custom among the Germans, just before proceeding to the burial, the corpse was removed just outside the threshold, and with the warm sunshine of heaven once more resting on the pale face, the last kiss was given, the last farewell taken. During the absence at the grave the rooms were cleared and tables set everywhere, one private table always appropriated to the immediate family, they being treated on the occasion as guests. The other tables were filled promiscuously by whoever chose to take a seat. As soon as any one had eaten he vacated his seat, which was immediately filled by some other person. When seen by attendants a change of plate was made, but sometimes the *debris* of the first eater was just shoved to one side of the plate.

It was estimated that 1,000 people ate on this occasion. The cellar, extending under the house, was arched overhead and whitewashed, and its freshness and cleanliness looked the very perfection of housekeeping. Around it were suspended swinging shelves, and on the floors tables set forming aisles; these were all filled with provisions as closely as they could be set. In another part were tubs containing hundreds of pounds of golden butter prints. In the kitchen and summer kitchen, always an adjunct of a wealthy farmer's establishment, in fireplaces hung huge copper caldrons, such as are used for making apple butter, of the capacity of two barrels, filled with coffee, and as it was used they were replenished by the coffee makers. A farmer's smoke-house always contains a great quantity of choice meat; besides, in this case a bullock had been slaughtered and boiled the day before. During eating there was a constant replenishing of the provisions. The attendants on these occasions are the wives and daughters of neighboring farmers, and their work is gratuitous. The surplus provisions in this case were given to the poor, and for days they streamed along the road with well-filled baskets.

This might be considered a more than ordinary funeral, but this is the style of them. In the case of the death of the father of this family, who had been a sort of patriarch among his people, I asked the managers of the funeral how much provision they had made for it. "Well," they said, "if it had not been for the long spell of rain and sleet, making the roads very bad, it would have been a big funeral, so they had only made provision for seven hundred or six hundred;" and at a funeral of a child of a neighbor, whose age was about seven years, the baker, on my inquiry, told me she "had made seventy loaves of bread, a batch of light cake, and one hundred and fifty pies." When a funeral takes places in the summer, and the house is not of sufficient capacity to hold the tables, the thrashing floor of the barn is used, or some sheltered out-of-door place, such as an orchard or under the shade of trees. The table furniture for the occasion is either borrowed from neighbors or hired from a store.

There are several superstitions connected with death and funerals in the country which are a strange blending of the ludicrous with the mournful. One is that if the mother of a family is dying, the vinegar barrel must be shaken at the time to prevent the "mother" in it from dying. Said a man once, in sober earnest to me: "I was so sorry Mr. D. was not in the room when his wife died." "Where was he," inquired I. "Oh, in the cellar a-shaken' the vinegar barrel; but if he had just told me, I would have done it and let him been in the room to see her take her last breath." We will charitably hope the object of this superstition was to divert the husband from his grief, and not the fear that his next winter's pickles would lack acidity. Another is that the last person that goes out of the house at a funeral will be the next one to die, and as the audience begins to thin, you may see people slip very nimbly out of a back or kitchen door to avoid being that "last one."

Anecdotes of President Lincoln.

Hon. C. M. Depew relates that when he visited Washington in 1864 to look after the army vote, he had occasion frequently to refer matters directly to Mr. Lincoln, who one day was reminded of a story, which he declared was one of the only two anecdotes original with him, notwithstanding his reputation for story telling. "I only apply the good stories others tell me," the President said. The story which he thereupon proceeded to tell Mr. Depew was to the effect that many years before, when practicing in Illinois, he had appeared for the defendant in a case of assault and battery, in which the complainant did not seem to be very much injured, although he had been through a long series of brawls. In the course of the plaintiff's examination Mr. Lincoln asked: "How much ground did you fight over?" "About six acres," was the reply. "Don't you think," asked Mr. Lincoln, "that that was a mighty small crop of fight for so much ground?"

At the recent college commencement Speaker Blaine quoted from a letter of President Lincoln to Gen. Hooker after the latter had suffered a defeat. Mr. Lincoln wrote to the general: "I don't know whether you are on the north side of the river or the south side, but don't, for God's sake, get on both sides; for if you do you'll be like an ox on a rail fence, that can neither gore one side nor kick the other."

French Economies.

An American traveling in France thus remarks on one of the characteristics of the people—one which would be called "meanness" in this country, but of which nothing is thought in France: When a Frenchman in a cafe puts two of the little slabs of white sugar in his coffee, and the remaining two in his pocket, it is not meanness, but economy. The four consecrated to the demitasse are paid for; and the purchaser may carry them home to the canary bird, present them to the children of the concierge as a means of maintaining pleasant relations with that person, or keep them for can sucree. Life is not large as in the United States, where there is elasticity in the incomes. Here they are fixed; so much a year, month, and day. The line about the budget of expense is rigid, especially in the case of small rentiers, who abound in France.

The North Polar Region.

In an article upon the occasion of the sailing of the new British discovery expedition to the north pole, the London *Times says*: At present there lies within a few weeks

The Centre Reporter,

FRED. KURTZ..... Editor.

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Centre Hall, Pa., Aug. 12, 1875.

TERMS.—$2 per year, in advance, 2,50 when not paid in advance.

Advertisements 20c per line for three insertions, and for 6 and 12 months by special contract.

Democratic Ticket.

Sheriff—LEVI MUNSON.
Treasurer—D. A. MUSSER.
Prothonotary—AARON WILLIAMS.
Register—W. E. BURCHFIELD.
Recorder—WM. A. TOBIAS.
Commissioners—H. A. MINGLE, —J. N. HALL.
Coroner—DR. JOS. ADAMS.
Auditors—JOS. GILLILAND. —A. J. GREIST.

OUR NOMINEES.

The ticket nominated on last Tuesday, will be found at our mast head. We have only time for brief mention of the gentlemen nominated.

LEVI MUNSON.

the is nominee for Sheriff. His nomination will give general satisfaction, having always sustained a good character, and all his life-time been a hard-working industrious man. As a democrat, our nominee for Sheriff, has always been ardent and unwavering. He is qualified and will fill the office of Sheriff to the satisfaction of the people.

AARON WILLIAMS.

is our nominee for Prothonotary.

This is an important and responsible position, and demands qualifications as well as accommodating manners in the incumbent. These qualities are found in our nominee—all admit that. His reputation is spotless. As a democrat he is without guile, and has rendered good service in years past to secure the triumph of our party. Mr. Williams has served one term to the entire satisfaction of all.

DANIEL A. MUSSER, of Penn.

is our nominee for Treasurer. To have charge of the public fund is an important trust. No man upon whose honesty suspicion rests should ever be nominated to fill so important a place. Defaulters have been so numerous of late years that the people can not be to guarded in the person chosen to hold the hard earned monies wrung from them by taxation. The character of our nominee is such that there is no room for fears. He is honest, qualified and perfectly responsible, and will leave the office of Treasurer with every cent faithfully accounted for. Give him a good vote democrats; he has ever been true.

W. E. BURCHFIELD.

has been nominated for Register.

This is an office in which our citizens have occasion to call often for the transaction of important business. It requires an incumbent who can readily qualify himself to give information upon many important subjects connected with estates, and who should be a good penman. All these qualifications are found in our nominee for Register. He deserves the warmest support of every democrat for past services rendered the party. The nomination is well bestowed.

H. A. MINGLE.
J. N. HALL.

are our nominees for Commissioner. They are both men of good business qualifications, who understand the wants of our county. Under their management the affairs of Centre county will be safe and satisfactorily administered. Honest, capable and democrats of the purest water, let them have a rousing vote.

Mr. Mingle we have known intimately for over twenty-five years. He did not canvass for the office, but his friends fixed upon him as a fit man for the place, on account of his probity of character, his qualifications, and because in every respect he is eminently worthy. We are pleased to have our old neighbor upon the ticket, and we predict a heavy vote for him in every locality where he is known.

WM. A. TOBIAS.

is an excellent nominee for Recorder. He is a young man of superior qualifications. A good penman, and will put your documents upon record without a fault. He is a favorite with all who know him, and will have an overwhelming majority.

JAS. GILLILAND and A. J. GREIST, two young and active democrats, of thorough business habits were nominated for Auditors.

PUT THEM OUT.—The Philadelphia democratice city committee has begun a crusade against the righteous men who, while hiding under the banner of the party, regularly sell it out to the pilgrims and pocket the emoluments and cash. Every honest and respectable democrat in Philadelphia would rejoice to see M'Mullin, Monroe, Josephs and others of that ilk repudiated by the managers of the party. It is time the democracy meant business in this direction. Every man claiming to be a democrat having pilgrim affiliations, should be discarded.—*Mauch Chunk Democrat.*

There are other places outside of Philadelphia that need a similar ridding out. The democratic party can not expect to gain the confidence of the people so long as it tolerates rogues in its ranks.

The most discouraging reports still continue from Ohio, Indiana and Illinois concerning the recent heavy rains. The most fertile valleys are flooded and swept entirely away. The losses reported mount high into the millions.

The democrats carried Kentucky last week by 40,000 majority. There is not much third-term consolation in that. Old Useless may smoke it in his pipe.

John Dougherty, of Mt. Union, Prof. Guss, of Huntingdon, Rev. Cyrus Jeffries, and others, met at Mt. Union on Saturday last and organized a new political party—*The People's Party!* Thus it would seem Guss has made up his mind to step down and out from the Republican party.

The sinking fund appears now to be managed in the interest of the People's bank. The effort of the democratic party in November will be to turn the fund over to the control of men who will manage it in the interest of the people themselves.

The heavy rains in the West have proved disastrous to the crops. Four thousand acres of corn have been destroyed in Sciota county, O., alone.

A disastrous tornado is reported in and around Toledo, O.

The nominations have not been made altogether to the expectations of the Pennsvalley democracy, yet we trust that discontent will vanish and that to the ticket will be given a cordial support. The triumph of p rinciple must be paramount.

AUDITOR GENERAL TEMPLE.

The tax-payers have no need to regret the election of a democratic Auditor General, last fall—thus far Mr. Temple has shown himself the right man in the right place. The Morning Patriot says the energy and determination of Auditor General Temple in collecting the revenues of the state have brought up the balance in the general revenue fund from less than one dollar (when he came into office) to $246,009.31. Yesterday M. Widener, treasurer of the city of Philadelphia, paid into the treasury an additional $187.000, and at the same time other parties swelled the amount by about $150,000 more, making the entire balance at present in the general revenue fund about $550,000. Under a Republican Auditor General these sums would most probably have remained uncollected with the understanding that the debtors to the state should assist in carrying the election for the Republican ticket. So much for a faithful and efficient Auditor General.

SINKING FUNDS AND REVENUE ACCOUNTS.

Harrisburg, August. 3.—The Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, consisting of Col. M. S. Quay, Secretary of the Commonwealth, R. W. Mackey, State Treasurer, Republicans, and Justus F. Temple, Democratic Auditor General, met and had a protracted session. Treasurer Mackey presented to the commission the detailed statement of the public money belonging to the sinking fund and sacredly devoted by law to the reduction of the debt, giving a list of the deposits in the several banks, with vouchers for the correctness of his statement. The general Sinking Fund account foots up as follows:

Balance in the sinking fund July 31, 1874.	$684,332.20
Applicable to the payment of over due loans, relief notes and interest certificates.	226,849.12
	$457,483.08

After an examination of the various loans and obligations of the Commonwealth, $434,850 of the 5.10 loan, and $73,168.26, making $508,018.26 in all, were accertained to be all of the obligations of the State now due, or which can be called at her option, the commissioners unanimously decided to give notice of the payment of those classes of indebtedness, and terminate interest on them on the 1st of November next. This appropriation to the public debt is in the sinking fund, but ample revenues will be received to meet the payments before they are all presented. The recapitulation of the debt of the state, as it stands to day, is officially given by the commissioners, of follows:

Debt bearing coin interest	$4,422,500.00
Debt bearing interest in United States currency.	18,933,550.00
Debt on which interest has been stopped	130,660.12
Debt bearing no interest.	100,662.38
Chambersburg certificates, act May 27, 1871.	73,168,26
Total debt July 31, 1875.	$23,660,540.76

In the sinking fund are $5,339,619.86 in shape of bonds of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, balance due for purchase of the public works, and $3,500,000 of Allegheny Valley bonds, guaranteed by the Pennsylvania and the Northern Central Railroad Companies, making an aggregate of $8, 839,619.85 applicable to the reduction of the public debt, and practically reducing the debt of the State to $14,820,920.90. The correctness of this statement of the money in the sinking fund, and of the debt of the State, is sworn to by Messrs. Quay, Mackey and Temple, the commissioners.

The general revenue or Treasury fund was examined by treasurer Mackey and Auditor General Temple, including cash and deposits, and is certified under oath of both of them to be as follows:

Farmers and Mechanics' National Bank, Philadelphia.	$5,233.75
Beaver Deposit Bank, Beaver, Pa.	26,070.58
Allegheny National Bank, Pittsburg, Pa.	8,753.71
People's Bank, Philadelphia, Pa.	182,868.95
	$222,932.99
Cash in drawer	23,067.32
Balance in general revenue fund July 31, 1875.	$346.900,31

THE STATE TREASUREE'S STRATEGY.

It will hardly be saying too much to assert that the contest at the fall election in this state will be concentrated on the issues raised by the Radical party by its opposition to the investigation of the State Treasury.

To avoid the perils which this must create, as well as the danger to the continued existence of this party by its defiance of the public will, the State Treasurer will resort to that strategy which military commanders adopt to deceive, mislead, or surprise their antagonists. Strategy is often the substitute for strength, the power of numbers, or the ability longer to contend.

That strategy from the State Treasurer in so vital a contest for himself and his party has been expected by every reasonable man who has observed the history thus far of the effort to investigate the Treasury of Pennsylvania. Indeed, it has been hinted that when the proper time comes a *"coup d'etat"* may be looked for by which the great abilities for management of Mr. Mackey are to be displayed. In view, therefore, of such a sudden effort to throw off the odium which now attaches to the Radical party by reason of its denial to the representatives of the people the right and opportunity to ascertain the condition of so important a department of the State government as that which receives and pays out the people's money, it is proper that the preparation should be made in advance to meet it.

This is now our purpose. Let it be always remembered that the House of Representatives of our State Legislature is the only power under the State Constitution in which is vested the right to impeach, and also originate taxation. These are sovereign powers, the highest functions of a government of the people representing that constituency where alone the sovereign power is inherent, and is only conferred on the representatives of this sovereignty for the protection of the people themselves.

The representatives of the people, the House of Assembly, originated the investigation into the State Treasury, it was in obedience to the public will as expressed objection, except by the State Treasurer and a few of his political party. No objection has ever been heard from any portion of the people. Not a word has been uttered of dissent from convention, assembly, meeting, or county committee of the people of this State. A cabal of Radical State Senators to protect either their party or their officer did what they could to prevent the investigation.

The committee of the House of Representatives authorized to investigate were prevented, forbidden, denied the opportunity of performing the duty devolved upon it. The State Treasurer refused to permit the committee to discharge its duty.

Remember that this committee began its effort to investigate the official management of the State Treasurer and demanded to examine the books and papers of the State Treasury several months ago. Four months after this effort was made a report of the committee was presented to the Governor and the Auditor General, as required by the command of the House of Representatives.

Now, during these long summer days, the State Treasurer has been engaged in one of two labors, either arranging to protect himself or defend his party.

We cannot comprehend, the honest tax-payers will never understand why so simple a matter as the showing how much money is in the Treasury, how much received, and how much disbursed could not be ready for honest examination any day in the year. But it seems that the State Treasurer requires four months to prepare for so simple and plain an inquiry.

This is not idle speculation, for four months ago the Treasurer reported he had $1.76 of the public money on hand; now it is said he has several hundreds of thousands of dollars. Whose money is loaned to make up a *prima facia* case? Surely, the thousands in the "Peoples' Bank" cannot be a stationery fund.

Taking all this time plainly proves that arrangments had to be made for "an investigation." This creates suspicion, just as the first refusal to permit the investigation proved that the charges were accepted as true by the confession of the State Treasurer that he could not submit to an examination which would demonstrate them to be so.

Now for the strategy. We expect, indeed, it has been hinted, that some day in the course of the canvass for the coming election for Governor and State Treasurer, an offer, an appeal, or a demand will be made by the present State Treasurer to some body, to come into his office and examine and see that there is no defalcation; that the money of the public is there; that the charges are not true; that the Radical party is free from censure; that the State Treasurer is an abused, persecuted, honest official.

How this demand will be made or to whom, we do not know. We believe the opinion of the people, when it is made, will be that it is "too late." Months of preparation for an investigation which a few hours ought to accomplish, forces on the public mind the conviction that the wrongs sought is made public have been in all these months concealed, as murder is sought to be hidden by the cremation of the murdered individual, which requires time to effect.

But if the demand for an investigation should be made, then the people will *demand* that the committee of the House only shall have full, free, unrestrained access to all the books, papers, bank accounts, credits of the office for the whole term of the present State Treasurer. Every bank, broker, banking house where or with whom any of the people's money has been placed must be examined and produced before the committee, evidence of the corpus of the deposit, what was deposited, money, checks, notes, orders, drafts, or whatever else was taken and received by them, and each of them, and how, by what kind of order they paid out the funds received by them.

The rate of interest paid for the loan of the public money, the "withdrawment" of the sum or sums from the proper disposition of them in the sinking fund, according to law, and loaned on interest, are to be "investigated" fully.

The Auditor General, if he is asked to unkertake any investigation on the demand of the State Treasurer, will flatly and promptly refuse to be used for a purpose so plainly strategic, for he is too sensible a public officer voluntarily to undertake a trust reposed in a committee of the House of Representatives by the solemn act of that body.

When all this is done, without restraint on the part of the Treasurer, or evasion on the part of the examined, and the result of the investigation by the House committee, as it proceeds, from day to day, is made known through the public press, then, and not till then, can the people form any opinion of the charges made. Any strategy which avoids or seeks to avoid this will fail in its purpose.

The sneer lately published, as if by authority, that when the State Treasurer *is ready* he will demand an investigation, to save himself or protect his party, is thus made harmless. This threat is discounted. We trust the Democratic press of the State will be prepared for this strategy of the State Treasurer. Proving the correctness of these views, the first effort of the State Treasurer at strategy has appeared. A "statement" is published by the State Treasurer, attempting to show that he has "funds" in his office. Is this a made-up set of figures? Who loaned the money? For how long was it loaned? What bonus was paid for it? These are subjects which the house committee must fully investigate. It won't deceive anybody. Investigation is now essential.

THE KILLING OF DEER.—Some of our readers being in doubt about the law in reference to hunting deer, we have examined the statutes that they may be put in posession of the law of the case. In 1873 the Legislature passed a law that it should be unlawful to hunt "any elk or wild deer" in this State save between the first of September and the first of January, and it was made unlawful for them to be hunted with dogs and making it lawful to kill the dogs, but a proviso was attached excepting Centre, Clinton, Fayette, Schuylkill and Wyoming counties. Therefore in these counties hunting deer with dogs was permitted within lawful periods. Last winter another game law was passed which shortened the time for hunting deer, elk, &c., one month, making it from September first to December first, but this law did not repeal the previous exception made for hunting deer with dogs at lawful times in the counties above named. Therefore, between the first of September and the first of December it is lawful to hunt deer with dogs in Centre, Clinton, Fayette, Schuylkill and Wyoming counties. The intelligent hunter will fail to see any good reason why an exception of the kind should have been made—if it was wrong to hunt deer with dogs in every other part of the state, it is difficult to see any reason for excepting the counties named—but the exception is in the law, and as our readers want to know what the law is, we give it as it is. If the matter had been left for the majority of the people to decide, there is little room to doubt what the law would have been, but it is not what it would have been under those circumstances, and, therefore, it must be taken as it is.

Quite a stir in business circles was created in these parts, recently, by the reported failure of Mr. Shem Spigelmyer, of Hartleton. And we regret to say that Mr. Spigelmyer found it necessary to make an assignment in order to protect his creditors.

We see it stated in some of our exchanges that the liabilities amount to $40,000. We are able to say, on what we believe to be good authority, that Mr. Spigelmyer's debts are only one-fourth of the sum named, and that the immediate cause of the present trouble is owing to the fact that four obligations, amounting together to about $5,000, and which were given by Weidensaul and Spigelmyer to John C. Motz, of Centre county, on the purchase of a mill property at Woodward, and were abundantly and properly secured to Mr. Motz in that property—were transferred to this county and executions issued thereon. These executions are now "stayed" in the hands of the Sheriff. The mill property at Woodward was sold some time since and the proceeds of that sale are awaiting distribution in the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county.

If the mill property of Weidensaul and Spigelmyer will not satisfy these claims, they will be paid by Mr. Spigelmyer. If, however, Mr. S. will be allowed to stand upon the records and by his contracts as they appear upon record—and as fair dealing requires—he cannot be held liable for one dollar of these claims. In any event there does not seem to be a probability that any of the creditors of Shem Spigelmyer & Sons will suffer loss. The busines character and reputation of Shem Spigelmyer is above reproach. He has the unbounded sympathy of many friends, and all regret this present embarrassment in his business, and the confident hope is expressed on all sides that he will come out of this trouble unharmed—his just debts fully paid—with a large surplus wherewith to carry on the business of S. Spigelmyer & Sons.—*Mif. Telegraph, 5th.*

The Philadelphia Public Record has been at some pains to investigate the Keely Moter and comes to conclusions entirely adverse to the claims of the inventor. It says, finally: "When an inventor claims that by the mechanical admixture of water and air, he has created a third of immense power (not hitherto in large quantities or by continuous production or automatically it is true, but all this is to be added), which sets at defiance all known laws of physics—when such extravagance is indulged, the expected results are altogether too revolutionary to be taken on faith. We might as well concede to Mr. Keely at once that he is invested with more miraculous powers than the genii of eastern fables. But our own conviction is, as we said at the outset, that the moter is a delusion, and that the claims made in its behalf are simply perposterous. If the new device is not to be regarded as a pure bubble, it must submit itself to other tests than the puerile ones hitherto employed. But we do not believe the enormous "secret" would stand for one instant the scrutiny of half a dozen competent and disinterested experts. Such an examination would be more likely, we believe, to explode the whole mistery, 'vaporic substance' and all."

The Franklin Spectator says: William H. Johnson, of Frenchcreek township, Venango county, died on Tuesday morning. We spoke to him some weeks ago as the oldest man in Venango county and perhaps in the United States. He was a colored man, formerly a slave and according to the record was 109 years old last February.

General Wm. B. Bate will probably be the successor of Andrew Johnson in the U. S. Senate. General Bate was his closest competitor at the time he was elected.

Hon. A. Taylor, Hon. J. H. Orvis and J. L. Darlington have been elected trustees of the Pennsylvania state agricultural college, in place of F. M. Watts, A. W. Taylor and Joseph Turner whose terms had expired.

BEECHER VS. TILTON—A NEW TRIAL CALLED.

New York, August 6.—Judge Morris, counsel for Theodore Tilton, this afternoon served a notice on Messrs. Shearman and Sterling, attorneys of record for Henry Ward Beecher, to be prepared to answer in a new trial on the first Monday in September.

Mr. Morris says they have some evidence and he thinks they can try the case in ten days. He said they had some new and important witnesses, and he thought the evidence would be more positive than it was on the former trial. The case will be tried in the Brooklyn court, and this time before Judge M'Cue or Reynolds. Mr. Morris declares he will be ready to answer in ten minutes after the case is called. He could not tell who would be associated with him in the trial of the case. General Tracy stated this evening that they would fight the case, and in his opinion it would last much longer than Morris expected.

MERCANTILE FAILURES FOR 1875.

The semi-annual statement, by Messrs. Dun, Barlow & Co., of the number of failures in this country, with the total amount of liabilities, shows that from the 1st of January to the 30th of June 3,877 failures were reported, with a total of $74,940,869. No detailed statistics for the same period have been prepared in previous years, but by taking one half of the following comparison is possible:

Six months of year.	*Number of failures*	*Amount of liabilities*
1872	2,057	$60 528,600
1873	2,591	114 248,000
1874	2,915	77,619,600
1875	3,377	74.940,869

(The figures of Messrs. Dun, Barlow & Co.'s circular, by the way, is correctly added up, give 3,450 as the real number of failures.) While, therefore, there is a considerable increase in the number of insolvents, as there has been every year since 1872, the total amount of liabilities is less than for the same period last year and below the average for the four seasons. A partial explanation for this fact, though the circular does not state it, may possibly be found in the Grange movement, which has taken a large amount of retail business from the country dealers and transferred it to wholesale houses in the cities.

The conclusion arrived at by Messrs. Dun, Barlow & Co. is that the expectations which were indulged in during the early part of the year that business would revive have not been fulfilled, that, compared with this time last year, there is but little if any improvement perceptable either in the volume or profitableness of trade Notwithstanding two years of plenty and the promise of a third harvest of abundance, trade is no nearer a prosperous condition. Not only has no money been made, but it is doubtful if expenses have been met, the expectation of improved business having yearly had its influence in retarding retrenchment, retrenchment that can now no longer be delayed with safety.

As the business of the summer and fall, the reports from Messrs. Dun, Barlow & Co.'s correspondents indicate much that is encouraging. Crops everywhere promise well, a fact which augurs the reduction of indebtedness and considerable activity in replacing stocks that have run low.

MAIL CONTRACTORS TO BE PROSECUTED.

The post office department has sent to the department of justice the names of thirty-nine mail contractors to be prosecuted under section 3,954 of the revised statutes for failing to perform the service after their bids had been accepted. They will be sued for the difference between their bids and the amount paid by the government after re-leting them, which on the thirty-nine routes for one year amounted to $417,087. The department will also bring civil suit against the contractors for damage sustained by the government in providing temporary service after their failure to fulfil the contract. The routes were subsequently let for four years and should the government receive the above amounts suit will be commenced to cover losses for the remaining three years.

UNPARALLELED FLOODS.

Thousands of Farmers Lose Their All.

Cincinnati, August 3.—A Times special from Chillicothe says: Rain continues, and the flood gains strength. The canal broke below the city, and swept five thousand bushels of wheat into the river. People living in bottom lands are moving their families, fearing an inundation.

At Ironton the Ohio is rising five inches per hour, and also rising rapidly at Cincinnati, where it has already invaded the lower stories on Water street, and bids fair to go as high as ever known before.

A special to the same paper from New Albany, Ind., says: Trains on the New Albany and Chicago Railroad were taken off to-day. At Gosport, the track is covered by the flood from the White river, a distance of three miles. A heavy force of men are at work trying to prevent the large railroad bridge from floating away.

The White river at this point is twelve feet higher than ever known before. Trains south from Lafayette go no further than Crawfordsville, as the track is washed out in many places.

A special to the same paper from Athens, Ohio, says: At midnight the river attained the height of eight inches over the greatest water ever known before.

Jacksonville, August 3.—The recent storms in Central Illinois have done immense damage to the crops, bridges and railroads. The loss is estimated to amount to a million dollars. That of Morgan county alone is nearly a quarter of a million.

The Flood in the Wabash River.

Lafayette, Ind., August 3.—The flood in the Wabash river is more than a foot above the high water mark of 1858, and several inches higher than ever before since the settlement of the country. All tributaries have been running out, and the low ground is all overflowed:

In many places the river is from three to five miles wide. The damage is incalculable. Great suffering must result to tenants on low lands, whose all is swept away. The Wabash bottom, for an average of a mile and a half wide, the whole length of the river is submerged, and crops both harvested and growing, were swept away. Our city is located on high ground, and slight damage has been experienced except to manufactories and mills.

The destruction of the Wabash and Erie canal, between here and Fort Wayne is completed. It is broken in a hundred places. The canal and river have been on a level for forty-eight hours. The water of the river rushing through the latter and running over the banks from one to the other at all low places.

THE CRUDE PETROLEUM MARKET —RUMORED CONSPIRACY TO BURN THE STOCK ON HAND.

A special from Titusville, Penna., says the great bull movement in crude petroleum markets of the oil region has been broken by the cable despatch yesterday, stating that foreign operators were waiting for speculators in the oil region to get through. This knocked the prices from $1 to 82½ cents. The stock of crude oil above ground is sufficient to last six months, and it is rumored that a conspiracy exists for simultaneously burning up the entire stock above ground in the oil region, and the pipe companies' tanks are strict guard day and night. While over 6,000,000 barrels of crude are above ground in the oil region, the stocks at the seaboard and in foreign ports are correspondingly heavy.

A SNAKE STORY.—Thus far this season we have had no snake stories to relate, but the other evening we were told one which is worth recording. On the farm of Mr. Jacob Pfleegor, on the opposite side of the river, near Chillisquaque, is a large log which floated there with the high water of 1866, and has not been removed since. The other day, Ellis Pfleegor (a son) and another man were loading hay, and having started the load to the barn, they were walking there carrying each a hay fork, when they noticed two copperhead snakes lying upon this log. One of the men proposed that they kill the snakes. They succeeded in doing so, when they saw the tail of another projecting from the log, which had become rotten and hollow. This one was also killed, and they kept stirring them out of the log until they had slaughtered seventy-six snakes, all copperheads. One escaped. The largest measured three and a half feet in length. Strange to say, Mr. Pfleegor had not seen this species of snake on the farm for a year previous, and imagined there were none about.

There resides in Georgetown, Beaver county, a family of eight members consisting of father, mother and six children, all of whom were born and still continue deaf and dumb. They communicate with each other by means of signs, writing, &c., and manage to get along among themselves almost as well and perhaps more peaceably than many families who have the power of all their senses. The parents were both educated in a deaf and dumb asylum, are quite intelligent, and beautiful writers. The father is at present engaged in the shoe making business, and is educating his children at the same institution that he and his wife attended many years ago.—Beaver Argus and Radical.

KISSING HIS WIFE AND CUTTING HER THROAT.

Atchison, Kansas, July 31.—At White Cloud on Thursday last a man named Hurst killed his wife. They had been married only about six months, and were separated. On Thursday afternoon he went to the house where his wife was staying, called her out to the fence, put his arms about her, kissing her affectionately, and then cut her throat with a large pruning knife. He was arrested, and it was with great difficulty that the officers prevented the people from lynching him. He is now in jail in Troy, and pretends to be crazy.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Herald writing from the Sioux country says: Fully two-thirds of the whites in this upper country keep squaws. This, of course, will shock eastern people. But the society where every man has a dusky wife is far superior in a moral point of view to that of the frontier towns, where the whites patronize dance-houses and have white mistresses. Night brawls are unknown at the river forts. Perhaps it is because there is so little whiskey. Washing is fifty cents a piece or $6 a dozen, and it is fearful to behold. Freshly ironed bosoms look like leather. Now, one can get a nice, well-behaved Indian maiden for $30. Why pay $6 a dozen for washing when $30 will insure clean linen for a life time? The citizens of Montana solves the conundrum by fleeing to the arms of his Pochahontas.

TERRIBLE DEATH AT THE BALTIMORE SHOT TOWER.

Baltimore, August 6.—George Conner, aged fifty-six, was instantly killed this morning at the Baltimore shot tower. While engaged at work his foot slipped and he fell into the machinery. His head and face were mashed into a jelly, his left arm was torn from the socket and his body was otherwise horribly mutilated. Conner had been employed at the shot tower for the past twenty years.

A GREAT FIRE IN BELFAST.

Belfast, August 1.—The Broadwood weaving factory, in this city, was destroyed by fire. The damage is estimated at $750.000. Seven hundred persons are thrown out of employment by the fire.

Denver, July 31.—The signal service stationed on top of Pike's Peak reports a snow storm, yesterday morning, with the thermometer at 30 degrees.

Terre Haute, August 5.—The Express of this morning estimates that the loss to the crops and the destruction of property in fourteen counties tributary to Terra Haute is not less than $12,000,000. There is profound discouragement among all classes.

For the Reporter.

THE CONVERSION OF JUDAS.

Judas was one of the Twelve. He was called Iscariot—of Carioth, a small town east of the Jordon. He was a covetous and avaricious man. He was displeased with Mary for wasting so much ointment on the Savior; he did not care for the ointment, but the money. The Savior's rebuke on this occasion, was, no doubt, a provocation to betray him at a future time, and as soon as an opportunity offered itself. Judas was ready to perpetrate the crime. In the conversion of Judas there are three particulars to be observed:

1. His sorrow. The sorrow was after-sorrow. When Judas saw that Christ would be led away to Pilate, and that he would be crucified and slain by wicked hands, he was sorry that he had sold his Lord for money; he repented bitterly. Judas, no doubt, thought that Christ could, and, therefore, would escape out of the hands of his enemies, and he would take advantage of things and secure $15 of money. But when he saw that the Jewish Council had condemned Him, and that Pilate would effectuate the sentence and Christ would submit, anguish and fear seized him and he sought refuge in the hopelessness of selfmurder. The tempter represents sin as a little thing at first—small as a grain of sand—light as a bit of down—sweet as honey; but after it has been committed, as a high mountain—an insupportable burden, driving the poor deluded sinner to despair as he did Judas. The pleasures of sin are short. If any one has ever realized this, Judas did—he enjoyed his 30 pieces of silver only a short time. One thing we must commend in Judas, viz: He was sorry for his sin; many sinners to-day are not—nay, they openly debase themselves, and glory in their shame, and seem to feel no regret.

2. Repentance. His repentance included:

1. Confession. If a man be sick, he will seek a physician. Judas came to the chief priests for comfort. He repented—confessed, saying: I have sinned in this that I have betrayed innocent blood. Here is also something commendable in Judas. He made an open confession of his guilt—I have sinned, etc. Many will not do this, say: I sinned, but my friend tempted me. Adam blamed the woman, the woman blamed the Devil, etc. Judas might have blamed the chief priests, said they seduced me, etc., but he said: *I have sinned.* If we confess our sins God is faithful and just to forgive our sins. 1. John, 7:8. Ps. 32: 3, 4. and 57: 6. The chief priests and elders ought to have exhorted Judas to repentance. But they are cold comforters. They said: What is that to us; see thou to that. Art thou sorry: It is too late now. They were not faithful pastors; when they saw him mourning over his sins, they should have encouraged him to go to Jesus, the Savior of sinners. Reader when you see any one sad and sorrowful, don't say: What is that to me. If he die in his sin and guilt, his blood shall be required at your hands. Speak to him in the language of Christ and the gospel: Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Matt. 11: 28-30. This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief, 1. Tim. 1:15. An important lesson must be learned in this connection, viz.: That human favor is an inconstant thing. The chief priests and elders, no doubt, approbated Judas very much when he offered to betray the Savior, but now when he is in distress, they won't notice him, and have not a word of comfort for him. Saul thought much of David once, but afterwards became his most bitter enemy—nothing is more changeable than human favor. As fortune changes in the favor of man changes. A slight offence will change the best friend into the worst enemy. Hence we had better depend upon God than man. He who has' God for his friend, will have comfort in distress, counsel in perplexity and help in desertion. Judas must experience that friends and foes alike hate treason. When the chief priests would not comfort him, he thought of another way of obtaining the favor of God, viz.: Actual repentance, (Restitution.)

He atones for his love of money in the most significant way. He brought back again the 30 pieces of silver, and said to the chief priests and elders: Here is your money, give me my Lord—but it was too late. The chief priests consult what they shall do with the money. They thought it would not be lawful to put it into the Lord's treasury, so they took it and bought the Potter's field, in which to bury strangers, that prophecy might be fulfilled, Zech. 11: 13. They were guilty of murder, yet they did not wish to violate the Lord's treasury. They strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, Matt. 23: 24. Many are outwardly angels, and inwardly devils. It is highly commendable in Judas, that he was willing to make restitution. Pitly did Augustine say: That sin would not be forgiven unless we would restore to our neighbor that which we had taken away from him by fraud. If you have defrauded your neighbor of his reputation, or property, you can not obtain forgiveness, until you make restitution. If you have done it secretly, you must make restitution secretly; if publicly, you must make restitution publicly. If you have defrauded any one in your dealings, in buying and selling, you must make restitution. If alive to the man himself; if dead, to his heirs. If you can not to either, then, you must give this unlawfully gotten money to the poor. It don't belong to you, and you can't repent until you restore it or make restitution.

3. The repentance of Judas included suicide, the loss of his life. Learned men don't agree as to the manner of his death. Some think that he hung himself; some say that he was choked to death; some that his neck was disjointed; some think that the devil took him up into the air and wrung his neck, and then threw him down violently, so that he bursted, and his bowels gushed out. Dr. Clark thinks he was seized with a violent gripping and that he retired to relieve himself, and that his bowels gushed out in the evacuation. The reader may believe as much of this as he pleases—no article of faith will be violated. Thus satan rewards his servants. Death is the wages of sin, and the death of Judas was a dreadful one. Surely the way of the transgressor is hard.

3. Faith, (confidence.) Judas believed that God in view of his sorrow, confession and suicide, would forgive him, his sin, perfidy and treason. This was a legal faith and formed on works. It don't appear that Judas absolutely despaired of the mercy of God, (though some think he sinned more by despairing of God's mercy than by betraying the Savior.) That he prayed in his last moments and commended his soul to God, is evident from the 109 Psalm: Let his prayer become sin, in the face of all these facts, and in the light of the Scripture narrative before us, does not the repentance of Judas seem to be a *pretty good* repentance; Better than that of many modern christians. The writer don't wonder that some men have endeavored to argue the possibility of his salvation. The inquiry now is a natural one: *In what respects was the repentance of Judas defective?* I answer, All the parts of his conversion were defective.

1. His sorrow. He was sorry because of the punishment, and not because of the guilt of sin. A man must be sorry that he has sinned against a good, kind, merciful and gracious God. A man must not say as Pharaoh did, remove the punishment; but as David did: Remove the sin—blot out my transgression.

2. His confession. He did not ask for pardon and forgiveness as David did in the 51 Ps. B. C. His language was: Lord have patience with me, I will pay thee all—*I will.* He ignores the satisfaction of Christ. He does not say: Jesus paid it all; all the debt I owe.

He does not say, Christ suffered for me, died for me, etc. But I WILL.

3. His faith. This was legal and not evangelical. It was founded on merit and works and not on Jesus Christ. Judas availed himself of the grace of God, but did not apprehend the grace of God in Christ—for Christ's sake. Judas may have thought; I have wronged Christ—I have betrayed him. He will not pray for me—intercede for me, etc. But whoever would be saved, must come to God through Christ. And all high proceeds from the sun, so all grace proceeds from Christ—out of Christ there is no salvation.

J. T.,
Aaronsburg, Pa.

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ENDORSED BY THE HIGHEST MUSICAL authorities throughout the world as THE BEST. D. F. BEATTY, Proprietor, Washington, N. J.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

E. PERKS & SON, Prop'rs.

This well known hotel, situate in the business portion of the town, has been thoroughly renovated, repainted and furnished new. It will be the aim of the proprietors to make it a pleasant Home for those whomay favor them with their patronage. A free carriage is run to the depot, and the best stables in town are connected with the House. 29apr.

JOHNSON'S HOTEL,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Johnson & Son's, proprietors, having refitted and newly furnished this house are now prepared to accommodate travelers in the most satisfactory manner.

June10. tf

(Advertisement.)

Republican.—Sheriff.

We are authorized to announce that Capt. H. C. Beamer, of Potter, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the usages of the republican party.

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney at Law Bellefonte, Pa. Office over Keystone bank. may 14'69

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The old, reliable place, where

Monuments,
Couches,
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work is made, in the very best style, and upon reasonable terms.

Thankful for past favors, we respectively solicit the patronage of the public.

Shops, East of Bridge, Millheim, Pa.

Apr. 8. y.

Ho! for Sussman's!!

Just opened in his new quarters in Bush's Arcade.

A LARGE STOCK OF

Trunks,
Valices,
All kinds of

Leather & Shoe Findings

Shoemakers call and see SUSSMAN for cheap stock.

BUYS AND SELLS

CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED.

dec 3. t-f.

CENTRE HALL

FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS

CO.

The undersigned having [illegible] possession of the above establishment, respectfully inform the public that the same will be carried on by them in all its branches as heretofore.

They manufacture the CELEBRATED TRUE BLUE CORNPLANTER, the best now made.

HORSE POWERS, THESHING MACHINES & SHAKERS, PLOWS, STOVES, OVEN DOORS, KETTLE PLATES, CELLAR GRATES, PLOW SHEARS & MILL GEARING of every description, in short their Foundry is complete in every particular.

We would call particular attention to our EXCELSIOR PLOW, acknowledged to be the best. Plow now in use, shifting in the beam for two or three horses.

We also manufacture a new and improved TRIPLE GEARED HORSE POWER, which has been used extensively in the northern and western States, and has taken precedence over all others.

We are prepared to do all KINDS OF CASTING from the largest to the smallest, and have facilities for doing all kinds of IRON WORK such as PLANING, TURNING, BORING, &c

All kinds of repairing done on short notice

VAN PELT & SHOOP,
Centre Hall.

jan21-1y.

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at his establishment at Centre Hall, keeps on hand, and for ale, at the most reasonable rates.

Carriages,
Buggies,
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and vehicles of every description made to order, and warranted to be made of the best seasoned material, and by the most skilled and competent workmen. Persons wanting anything in his line are requested to call and examine his work, they will find it not to be excelled for durability and wear. may 3tf.

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Will attend to administering Oaths, Acknowledgement of Deeds, &c, writing Articles of Agreement, Deeds, &c, may15

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BEATTY PIANO.

WEIGHS WHEN BOXED OVER

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

THURSDAY AUG. 12, 1875.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

☞Subscribers to the Reporter, residing outside of Centre county, should remit us 10 cents, yearly, for postage which we will pay here; this reduces the postage to one half, as the sum paid by them for one year's postage was 20 cts.

——The Bellefonte Luth. Sabbath school had a pic-nic on the mountain above our town on last Thursday. The top is getting to be quite a favorite place for picnicers and visitors. The view for grand valley scenery is second to none on the continent.

——Old Fort Lodge, No. 537 A. Y. M. of this place will be constituted and the officers installed, on Thursday, Aug. the 19th. A number of dignitaries from other lodges will be present.

——J. B. Butts, of Bellefonte, well known landlord, died on last Friday. He was buried on Sunday following by the Masonic order.

——The horse of C. F. Herlacher, which was rescued from the burning stable a short time ago, was killed one day last week, to end his suffering from the severe burning he had received.

——Sheriff Shafer advertises the following property: Lots of ground in Bellefonte, of Edward Fortney. House and lot in Millheim, of W. B. Wagner. Lot and church in Harris twp., of Ger. Ref. and Nazareth church, in Houserville. A tract of land in Boggs, of J. W. Holt. Church in Philipsburg, of the A. M. E. congregation. House and 80 acres in Penn, of David Miller. House and lot of W. R. Hemphill, in Philipsburg.

——And now be jaber's there's to be a tavern on Penn's Creek, in the mountains. The location of the "hotel" mentioned below, (we copy from the Lewistown Gazette,) we judge must be at Rapid (Roush) run, or thereabouts. Says the Gazette: A rather singular application for tavern license—that of John Gorman of Armagh—is advertised to-day. There is a small corner of Mifflin county on the northern side of Penn's creek, which we suspect has never yet been penetrated even by a candidate for sheriff or county treasurer, where the said Gorman alleges he is well provided with the wherewithal for the entertainment of man and beast, is located at or near the line of the Lewisburg and Spruce creek Railroad, and has twelve signatures which smack strongly of pick and shovel. According to this John Tricster and the Havices are not the border dwellers they have hitherto been supposed to be, for here turns up a "Stranger's Home" (so the house is called) far beyond them.

——A son of Eli Sivetts, of Brown twp, Mifflin county, was bitten in the foot by a copperhead snake whilst gathering tomatoes in the garden on Saturday evening last, from which the boy suffered great pain. No physician being near, onions were the only remedy they knew of, and they applied them to the foot, which proved to be a success in drawing out the poison. In a short time the onions became green as grass. The boy will recover. The reptile was slain.—*Gazette.*

——The nominations are over, and the excitement has ended, and every body knows who "made it." The next thing to know is where to get your groceries cheapest and of best quality. That place is at Sechler & Co's, in the Bush house block. They are famous for selling cheap. We understand that the defeated candidates have made up their minds to get back the money spent in seeking for a nomination by purchasing their groceries of Sechler & Co. Sensible indeed, for they will make it there sure, and if they keep on dealing with that firm they will find out before a twelve-month, that they save more by it than if they had obtained the best county office.

——Last Saturday was a "big" day for Pleasant Gap.

The Third Nines of Centre Hall,
With bat and ball,

footed it over the mountain, to try their hands against the Pleasant Gapers. We suppose they met with a grand reception, finding houses decorated, and the people in their Sunday-go-to-meetins. Haag, the hotel man, has an account in bank since, and no doubt the close of the day saw more empty beer kegs in his yard than ever before. The Centre Hall Nines came off victorious, and returned in good glee, much to the relief of their anxious mamas, as their ages ran from 6 to 13, and there was no tellen what might happen. However, the little ones returned safe and sound and in seasonable time to have their faces washed and be put into their little beds, and dream of the great event.

A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.—The Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine combines in a more perfect degree than any other the requirements of a first-class machine. This is the unanimous verdict of the thousands of families who are using them, and its success is unprecedented in the history of sewing machines. Machines will be delivered at any railroad station in this county, free of transportation charges, if ordered through the Company's Branch House at 227 and 229 Broadway, New York.

They send an elegant catalogue and chromo circular, free, on application.

This company want a few more good agents.

——We are glad to notice that Wm. P. Wilson is having the pike through this town touched up, and put in first rate order. Good for Wilson, all will thank him for it.

——Complaint has been made at this office of the bad condition of the pike from Old Fort to Union county. Come, gentlemen, give the people good roads, you have collected enough tolls off the candidates this summer to do it with. Will the managers see to this?

——The heavy rain storm which passed through our valley on Wednesday night, 4th inst., raised the tributaries of Penns creek so suddenly that several bridges were swept away in Gregg township. The garden of Jonathan Condo, at Penn Hall, was inundated; the water carrying away the fence and almost totally destroying its contents. Frank Hosterman of the same place, also suffered considerable damage from the fences around his residence, which were carried away. One of his outbuildings was carried quite a distance into an adjoining corn field; while some of his potatoes were found the next morning hanging on the fences in the neighboring fields.

Since the above is in type, we learn that several pigs belonging to Wm. Alexander, at Spring Mills were drownded and found in the wheel-work of Fisher's Mill the next morning. Daly of Penn Hall had his chicken house carried away with 17 chickens. Daniel Bartges of the same place lost his spring house, which contained a whole veal, besides such things as are generally kept in houses of this kind.

——Perry Barick, of whose accident we related last week, we regret to say, is in a critical condition from the injuries sustained. Mrs. Barich, on the other hand, is out of danger.

——Our young friend, and scholar, S. L. Stiver, graced our sanctum with an hour's presence the other day.

——Count Turkheim has returned, and Judge Love came precious near dining with him on Tuesday.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION.

The democratic delegates from the different districts met in the Court-house, at Bellefonte, on last Tuesday afternoon, to nominate a county ticket. Capt. Morrison, Chairman of the County Committee called the convention to order. The delegates presented their credentials as follows:

Bellefonte—S. W., John Bradley, John Wagner, N. W., W Galbraith. W. W., W M'Quistian.

Potter—Benj Arney, A Lukenbach, J R Runkle, Jos Gilliland, S Slack, D C Keller, Robert Lee.

Miles—H W Corman, Jas Corman, Jno Hosterman, Ad. Shafer, Jr, H W Kramer.

Spring—C T Alexander, John Woods, Henry Noll.

Haines—Jno Bair, Jno Limbert, Wm Bower, Jacob Bower, jr.

Milesburg—T M Hall.

Gregg—J B Heckman, Jac. M'Cool Daniel Runkle, John Coldren, Isaac Strunk, Henry Mark.

Penn—Michael Kerstetter, D L Zerby, A R Alexander, Samuel Ard, William Mauck.

Harris—Jacob Bottorf, Isreal Condo, Fergus Potter.

Walker—Jas Nixon, Adam Vonada, David Dunkle, Mr. Beck.

Howard Boro—J W Gardner.

Unionville Boro—Daniel Hall.

Union—B Brisbin.

Marion—David Harter, Sam'l M'Cauly.

Benner—A Wagner, Robert Corl, Amos Garberick.

Boggs—H L Harvey, Adam Witherite, Wm Marks.

Ferguson—Fred Bottorf, J. H. Gates, D Smith, Geo Homan, G W Williams.

Harris—Jacob Bottorf, Israel Condo, Fergus Potter.

Howard twp—Sam'l B Leathers.

Philipsburg—C Herlinger, C A Faulkner.

Curtin—D Brickley.

Halfmoon—H Griffin.

Huston—John Q Miles.

Patton—Wm Reed.

Rush—B Coyle, H B Wilcox, John Collins.

Snowshoe—A C Hinton, J G Uzzle.

Taylor—Samuel Hooyer.

Worth—Wm Lewis.

Burnside—B Vedeffer.

The convention then organized by electing the following officers:

President—C T Alexander.

Secretaries—D L Zerby, Fergus Potter, Harvey Korman.

For senator Messrs. Meek and Hoy were proposed, upon which a letter of declination was received from Adam Hoy, when the nomination of Mr. Meek was made by acclamation.

The next in order was the nomination of a candidate for Sheriff with the following result:

	1st 3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th
Munson	31 31	32	32	32	39
Kramer	5 5				
Spangler	27 31	30	31	31	36
Keller	3				
Hoffer	11 13	13	12	12	

On 2nd ballot the name of Mr. Keller was withdrawn, also that of Mr. Kramer on 3rd ballot, the 2nd ballot resulted same as first. On 7th ballot Mr. Munson having received the highest number of votes, he was declared duly nominated for Sheriff.

The convention then proceeded to ballot for Treasurer with the following result:

	1st 2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9	10
Ehrhard	12	12	12	12	13	14	18	22	33
Derr	9	10	10	12	10	10	15	18	16
Dobbins	14	13	14	13	13	13	12		
Musser	16	18	18	18	18	16	22	37	42
Barnhart	10	7	7	6	7	7			
Yearick	14	14	13	14	15	14	18	17	

Mr. Musser having received a majority on 10th ballot was declared the nominee for Treasurer.

Prothonotary was the next office in order, and the balloting resulted as follows:

	1st 2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Williams	23	22	24	28	35	44		
Barnhart	11	11	11	13				
Brett	9	10	5					
Reifsnyder	19	19	19	19				
Rumbarger	13	13	16	15	21	31		

The 3d, 4th and 5th ballots resulted same as the 2nd. On 9th ballot Mr. Williams was declared the nominee for Prothonotary.

For Register the balloting stood:

	1st 2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
Morrison	15	14	withdrawn.			
Burchfield	17	22	28	27	31	29 43
Scholl	6	6	6	7	6	
Herring	24	24	25	24	24	30 32
Noll	12	9	16	17	14	16

Mr. Burchfield was nominated for Register on 7th ballot.

For Recorder the balloting resulted:

	1st 2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Proudfoot	10	10	10	9			
Tobias	24	25	24	25	32	31	26 45
Kramer	6 withdrawn.						
Beck	19	21	19	20	22	22	23
Lucas	16	19	19	20	21	22	25 30

Mr. Tobias was nominated on 8th ballot for Recorder.

For Commissioner.

Hall 46; Shope 9; Swab 25; Mingle 55; Bartholomew 1; Conly 8; Stine 3.

Messrs. Hall and Mingle were nominated on first ballot for commissioner.

Dr. Joseph Adams was nominated for Coroner by acclamation.

Jos. Gilliland and A. J. Greist were nominated for Auditors.

For Chairman of Standing Committee C. M. Bower had 40 votes, John Hoffer had 11 votes.

——The Patrons of Husbandry will hold a basket picnic in the grove near Hublersburg on Saturday, 21st inst. All Patrons and others are cordially invited to be present and participate.

——The Sprucetown Sabath School will hold an ice cream festival on Saturday afternoon and evening next, for the benefit of the school. All are invited.

——A heavy hailstorm passed through Buffalo valley last week. Some of the hail-stones were as large as walnuts—breaking windows and cutting the corn into shreds in come places.

——Talk of your long potato vines! H. W. Kreamer, of Brush valley, has one on exhibition which was raised on his farm measuring 7 feet and 6 inches.

——LOST! A gold cuff-button, with a brown stone, fastened to a No. 10 paper cuff. The finder will greatly oblige by returning it to T. H. Harter, Aaronsburg.

On Wednesday night, 4th, while Thomas Richardson and wife of Spring Mills, with their little grand-son, Jacob M'Cool, were going along the pike, when at the hill east of James Forsters farm, their beast suddenly took fright and ran off, throwing them out and causing some severe cuts and bruises on the heads and faces of Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, while the little boy escaped unhurt. Dr. Frank Van Valzah was summoned, who dressed their wounds, and under whose medical care they are fast recovering from the injuries.

COUNTERFEITING IN MISSOURI.—Some eight years ago, Brown Weber and Graham, wholesale druggists in St. Louis, were doing the largest business in the State of Missouri. Among other goods they sold large quantities of Speer's Port Grape Wine, which is pronounced the purest wine in the market. In 1868 one or two members of the firm conceived the idea of getting up a counterfeit of this wine by making a cheap mixture of flavoring ingredients with whisky and water, and called it wine. With this stuff they filled several thousand bottles, put on an a counterfeit label of Speer's wine, and a counterfeit of Mr. Alfred Speer's signature over the cork, and supplied a majority of the retail druggists throughout the country west of the Mississippi River, who purchased it of B. W. & G. as Speer's genuine Port Grape Wine. The trick was not discovered until the consumers returned the stuff to their druggists as not fit for use. Hearing of this in 1869, Mr. Speer at once went from New Jersey to St. Louis, employed detectives, and traced the head quarters for dealing in this imitation of his wine to the place of Brown, Weber and Graham. He commenced suit for $50,000,00 damages in the United States Court. Such deception on the part of this house caused them to loose their business, and before the trial came off the firm failed, and became worthless. This stuff is now out of existence, having spilled and burst the bottles, so that none is now to be found in the market. The large yield from the New Jersey vineyards the last few years has enabled Mr. Speer to reduce the price of his wine. His New Jersey Port is far superior to any heretofore put in market; none of which is bottled until four years old. It is prescribed by physicians as the best and most reliable wine to be had. Most Druggists throughout the country sell Speer's Port Grape wine.—*Independent.*

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Abstract Of the State Geologist's report,

The board of Commissioners of the state geological survey held their quarterly meeting at Harrisburg on the 5th of August. The following abstract of Prof. Lesley's report of progress will be interesting to the public:

Field work was resumed on the 1st of May, and there have been no interruptions of it, the following parties being at work in their respective districts: Mr. Prime, with Mr. Clark and Mr. Kent, in Lehigh county, and with Mr. Chance at the water gap; Mr. Frazer, with Mr. Lehman and Mr Edwards, in Adams county; Mr. Dewees, with Mr. Billin and Mr. Ashburner, on the Juniata; Mr. Platt, with Mr. Sanders and Mr. Fagan, in Morrison's cove, and with Mr. W. G. Platt in Cambria county, and with Mr. Young along the Youghiogheny river; Mr. Carll, with Mr. Hatch and Mr. Hale, in the Oil Region; Mr. Stevenson, with Mr. White, in Greene county; Mr. Sherwood in Tioga county; Mr. Allen detailed to special duty for levels; Mr. C. E. Hall, as paleontologist, makes necessary journeys to the different districts, and studies the collections of fossils sent in to be reported on. Mr. M'Creath, assisted by Mr. Ford, analyzes ores, coals, limestones and clays, in the laboratory at Harrisburg. Dr. Genth is investigating the primary and volcanic rocks and minerals, in the laboratory of the university at Philadelphia. Mr. E. B. Harden and O. W. Harden are draughtsmen in Philadelphia preparing the reports for press so far as relates to illustrations. Mr. Lesley has been fully occupied in publishing the reports of progress of 1874, of which Dr. Genth's have been published. Mr. Carll's and Mr. Prime's are just printed and ready to bind; Mr. Platt's is commenced and will be ready to bind by the 1st of September, and Mr. M'Creath's will follow immediately; Mr. Frazer's and Mr. Dewees' will be ready for the press as soon as the printer signified his readiness.

Mr. Lesley's experience has been that six months' field work requires at least six month's office work; but publishing adds still more to the required time. We were fortunate in getting so much office work done last winter, so that the crops could be left free as early as May to take the field again. Next winter the amount of office work ought to be greater; and it will require both skill and judgment to prepare the work of 1875 for speedy publication in 1876. We had only four months of field work last year. This year we will have six and it is to be hoped seven. Last year we had but five districts occupied. This year we have virtually ten; as will appear when the details are stated.

Finances of the Survey.

But this increase of work involves an increase of expenditure, the continuance of the present force next year will be impossible without an increase of appropriation to $50,000 and yet the work done this year is the least to be reasonably expected of such a survey. The state of the finances as follows:

Two appropriations for 1874 and 1875	$70,000.00
Warrants drawn on the treasurer to June 30, 1875	42,955.09
Residue of the appropriation.	27,044.91

There is also an appropriation of $35,000 for 1876.

Surveys Being Made.

The details of the work accomplished this season thus far is, shortly, as follows: Mr. Prime has surveyed the limestone country lying between his map of last year and the Lehigh river, and is commencing his survey of Northampton county, which he hopes to complete this fall, so much of it as lies between the edge of the slate and the gneiss. Mr. Frazer has added to his last year's map of the ore belts of York and Adams, and has mapped a good deal of the north border of new red and south flank of the mountain. He will continue this belt to the Maryland line. Mr. Dewees has followed the out-crops of the fossil ore to the Susquehanna river and back to Mifflinand will continue the same. Messrs. Billin and Ashburner were detached in April for a special survey across the country along the line of the East Broad Top railroad. Mr. Billin making the maps and Mr. Ashburner studying the geology and constructing the sections. Their last work has been in the Trough creek coal basin. They have discovered eleven small coal beds, of no practical value, in Sideling ridge.

Mr. Platt fixed his headquarters at Summit, Cambria county and with his aid W. G. Platt has visited and described and located on Mr. Ed. Smith's old countour line map every coal bank in the county. This survey will continue through the Somerset county this season.

He has superintended Mr. Sanders mapping the Canoe Valley, Sinking Valley and Morrison Cove, which will be finished this season and Mr. Fagen's observations of the iron and zinc ores. Mr. Platt has also superintended Mr. Young's statistical survey of the coke field of the Youghiogheny Valley from Connelsville to Pittsburg, much to the satisfaction of the people. This will make an important report.

Professor Stevenson and Mr. White have surveyed Greene county and made a complete section of 1,500 feet of coal measure, rocks above the upper coal beds, locating on the map the depth of the larger coal beds beneath the surface at the principal cross roads. They have discovered and located across the country two anticlinals and two synclinals, and made the geology perfectly plain. The rest of the season they will survey Washington county.

Mr. Carll continued his observations at intervals all winter and has recently been reinforced by Mr. Hale, who with Mr. Hatch, is surveying carefully the outcrop of the Berea Grit from Warren to Sharon. Mr. Carll is collecting notes through the oil region and applying his discoveries of last fall to the study of the country south of Franklin. Mr. Sherwood and his aid have traced from farm to farm across Tioga county, the Mansfield ore bed, red beds, fish beds, and the Catskill outcrops, laying them down on the county map in colors, and will continue this work through Bradford and Susquehanna counties.

Mr. Chance has mapped the Delaware and Lehigh Water Gaps, and constructed sections through the roofing slate belt, hydraulic lime and glass sand formations. Mr. Hall after arranging the cabinet of fossil localities in Westmoreland, Warren and Venango counties and in the Juniata district, spent a month with a volunteer party of collectors on the Lehigh and Delaware rivers.

The number of analysis called for by the assistants to illustrate their reports demanded an increase of force in the laboratory at Harrisburg. Mr. Ford has therefore been employed as assistant, which will double the capacity of the laboratory for turning out work.

Railroad Levels.

Mr. Allen, attached to Mr. Frazer last year, has been detailed for special service, viz: the collection and arrangement of all the railroad and canal levels in the state. He will have for publication in the winter, several thousand levels at fixed stations on railroad, canal and turnpike lines. This is not only needful for the work of the survey, but excites great interest among engineers and surveyors. It is the intention to include in the list, alphabetically arranged, all stations leveled by the survey corps.

Prices of the Reports.

At this meeting of the board the price of Dr. Genth's report on the Minerology of Pennsylvania, 296 pages, 8 vo., with topographical map, was fixed at fifty cents in paper cover and the postage is sixteen cents, and the price of Henry E. Wrigley's special report on the Petroleum of Pennsylvania, its production, transportation, manufacture and statistics, 112 pages, 8 vo., with several maps and illustration, at 75 cents in paper cover and the postage is twelve cents. Bound copies of either are 25 cents more and 23 cents postage. The law requires that these reports be sold and the commissioners cannot distribute them gratuitously. The books are handsomely printed and unlike the generally unwieldly volumes of geological surveys, they are of a very convenient, handy size, printed on good paper, in clear type, and the workmanship reflects credit on the state printer. They are sterotyped, so that editions can be published at any time to meet the demand. Each of these district reports is complete in itself, and is indexed with unusual fullness; each is sold separately, and persons who get them as they come out can have them bound up in volumes. This is a new and excellent feature of this survey, as there are really no preliminary reports to be thrown aside and superseded by a final report. These reports are in themselves final. The sum of the published reports this year of the work of 1874 will amount to about 1,200 pages, exclusive of Prof. Lesley's. He has been obliged to do much drawing and finishing to secure the best appearance for the books, and a great deal of correcting, amplifying and appending to make the statement of each district full and clear to the reader and useful to the field worker.

Much inquiry has been made for the geological reports, but the work of publication is, much more advanced than was ever the case with any other geological survey in the same time. There is no question but the general result will be satisfactory to the people of the state and the scientific world.

Orders accompanied by the money, sent to John B Pearce, secretary of the geological commission, 223 Market street, Harrisburg, Pa., will be filled by mail or express, as directed, or the reports can be obtained through booksellers.

ARREST OF A BIGAMIST.—Last Thursday John C. Stone, a travelling agent for the liquor firm of Wirtz & Co., Philadelphia, was arrested in Lock Haven and taken before Alderman Batcheler, on the charge of bigamy. It appears that Stone has a wife and child residing in Lancaster, Pa., and that on the 17th of July he was married in Renovo, by Rev. George Warren, to Miss Maggie J. Hirsch. His Lancaster wife heard of it and came on, and was here at the time of the hearing. She is quite a fine looking woman, of good address, and seems to think that Stone isn't altogether right in his mind. He was committed to jail in default of $500 bail. Since then a committee of lunacy has been appointed, composed of Jas. Chatham and T. C. Hipple, Esqs., and Dr. Larimer, to inquire into the mental condition of Stone. They have not yet made their report. Stone has been a hard drinker, and the committee is waiting a few days to determine whether it is not whisky delirium that affects him, instead of some other kind of lunacy. Stone denies that he is married to the Lancaster woman, though she has one child by him, but as he was not in condition to be entitled to credit when this was said, it needs confirmation.—*Clinton Democrat.*

Charleston, August 5.—Ex-State Treasurer Parker, against whom a verdict of $75,000 was recently rendered in a suit growing out of his official frauds and embezzlement and who was in prison awaiting criminal prosecution for similar offences escaped from the Columbia jail last night. There is no clue to his whereabouts. Every effort is making to recapture him.

SUNBURY & LEWISTOWN RAIL ROAD.

Many of our readers are all anxiety to learn what prospect there is that the Sunbury and Lewistown railroad will soon be operated. We, therefore, reprint the following letter from the President of the road, addressed to the editor of the Selinsgrove Tribune, which explains exactly how the situation stands:

NORTHUMBERLAND, PA., July 27th, 1875.

MR. EDITOR—*Dear Sir*:—Lately I have been in receipt of so many letters from all parts of your county making inquiry as to the present state and future prospects of the Sunbury and Lewistown Railroad, and not being able to answer such applicants by letter, as I should like to do, I have concluded, Mr. Editor, to ask you to say to the people of your county through the medium of your valuable paper, that arrangements to open the Railroad have been made, and the papers signed, and as soon as the people along the line of the road are agreed to do what is right, and accept a reasonable compensation for their land damages, the road will be opened and run, and not before. The road has had many difficulties to contend with. Those who should have been its friends were not; those who were thought to be against it were its friends.

Very Respectfully Yours,
A. C. SIMPSON.

Colona, Ill., Aug. 6.—A tornado passed over this place last night, destroying barns, unroofing houses and blowing down chimneys. The grain in the surrounding country is injured considerably.

Sultan Abdul Assiz has authorized the circulation of the Bible in Turkey.

Two-thirds of the town of Briansk, in Russia, have been burned, the flames raging until extinguished by a fall of rain. The devastated town had a population of 13,900.

The Assistant Treasurer of the United States at New York has been directed to sell $5,000,000 in gold during August.

McCeary's majority in Kentucky is now estimated at about 45,000. The Constitutional Convention is still in doubt.

Eighteen additional cotton mills have become involved in the Oldham strike, and 20,000 operatives are now idle.

At Memphis last night the Mississippi river was reported rising steadily. The weather was cloudy and threatening.

The Democrats of North Carolina claim that they will have a good working majority in the North Carolina Constitutional Convention.

No new cases of yellow fever within the Florida forts. Forty-five cases are under treatment at Barrancas, twenty-nine of which are pronounced convalescent.

The New Jersey organization of Converted Free Thinkers, twenty-six strong, met in convention at Vineland yesterday, with the avowed object of setting this wicked world right side up.

The first shipments of Delaware peaches have proven disastrous to the growers. It costs seventy-five cents per crate to put them in or through the market, and thousands have been sold at thirty and forty cents.

$500 Reward.

A reward of five hundred dollars is offered by the Farmers Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Centre co., for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who set fire to the stable of C. F. Herlacher in Centre Hall, on the night of the 28 of July.

GEO. BUCHANAN, Pres.
D. F. LUSE, Sec.

TRIAL LIST FOR AUGUST TERM—COMMENCING AUG. 23, 1875.

W. W. Brown, use of, vs. C Strickland et al.
M. D. Gray vs. E. J. Pruner.
I. Gaines, use of, vs. John Heiss.
D. P. Rishel vs. Tobias Wetzel.
A. Zorby vs D. H. Lutz.
Beach, Bitsmad and Fairfield vs. Jos. Garberick.
J H Friday vs. Penns. R R Co.
Dinah M Adams vs. Jacob Tomb et al.
W L Murray vs. Wm P McMannus.
Wm Decker vs. Henry White's Admins.

GRAND JURORS. August Term.

Bellefonte—G O'Brian, R Curtin, D W Woodring.
Ferguson—Daniel Krebs.
Walker—Wm Pennington.
Benner—B F Hunter, Chr Dale U Stover.
Penn—J W Snook, Jacob Saunders.
Miles—R D Bierly.
Harris—P Shreck. A Dale.
Liberty—J F Clark.
Worth—S S Miles.
Huston—J A Fugate.
Potter—Josiah Neff.
Boggs—John Poorman, jr.
Curtin—Wm Mann.
Milesburg—Joseph Shirk, John E Thomas.
Taylor—Isaac Moore.
Rush—Geo D Similer.

A young man in Lancaster sent a dollar to a firm in New York who advertised a receipt to prevent bad dreams. He received a small slip of paper, on which was printed, "Don't go to sleep."

CAUTION.—Having purchased the following property of And. H. Foust, at private sale, on the 3rd of July 1875, I leave the same in his possession at my pleasure, and all persons are cautioned against meddling with the same:

2 bedsteads and bedding, 1 sink, 1 table, 1 cook stove, 1 parlor stove, 12 chairs, 1 grain cradle, 8 acres of corn, 8 bushels of wheat, 6 bushels of rye. And the said Andrew H. Foust shall sow the 8 bu. of wheat this fall, and six bu. of rye for me.

jul. 12 JNO. D. DECKERT.

REGISTER'S NOTICES.

The following accounts have been examined and passed by me and remain filed of Record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees, creditors and all others in any way interested, and will be presented to the Orphans Court on Wednesday the 25th day of August, A. D. 1875, for allowance and confirmation.

The account of Adam Vonada, guardian of Henry A. Vonada, minor son of David Vonada, late of Haines twp, dec'd.

The final account of William Weaver and Daniel Weaver, executors of the Estate of Samuel Weaver, late of Gregg twp, dec'd.

The account of William Durst, administrator of the estate of William H. Mays, late of Harris twp, dec'd.

The first and partial account of Jacob Bower, Jr., administrator of Samuel Brown, late of Haines twp, dec'd.

The administration account of David Lawyer, administrator of Mary Lawyer, late of Marian twp, dec'd.

The second and final account of James Glenn and Sarah A. Garner, administrators of Daniel Garner, late of Harris twp dec'd.

The account of John Houtz, guardian of John, Mary and George Jefferson and Benjamin F. Houtz, minor children of Lucinda Houtz deceased.

The account of Wm. Smith administrator of all and singular the goods and chattles rights and credits which were of Jacob P. Smith, late of Penn twp dec'd.

The account of Moses Thompson and Margaret Gregg administrators of Col. Andrew Gregg, late of Boggs twp dec'd.

The account of J W Campbell and Amos E Clemson, Executors of the last will and testament of Frederick Gates late of Ferguson twp dec'd.

The first and final account of John Wolf administrator of Ezra Brittain late of Potter twp dec'd.

The account of James Heverly Guardian of Sarah S Walker, minor child of Machael A Walker late of Boggs twp dec'd.

The account of Perry W McDowell executor of the last will and testament of Nathan Heck late of Marion twp dec'd.

The account of Jesse Underwood, administrator of Jos. Underwood of Centre county, dec'd.

The supplemental and final account of Mrs. Jane H. Strohecker one of the administrators of Dr. Samuel Strohecker late of Miles twp dec'd.

The account of Calvin P W Fisher guardian of Mary Rebecca Groh, minor child of Eliza Groh late of Harris twp dec'd.

The account of Mary A Ross and Robert Cummings, Executors of the Estate of John P Ross late of Gregg twp dec'd.

The account of Samuel Gilliland administrator of Estate of J Duncan Rankin late of Harris twp dec'd.

The final account of John B. Leathers executor of Daniel Leathers late of Howard twp dec'd.

The account of Mary C Stine late Mary C Beirly, administrator of Tartulius Beirly late of Boggs twp dec'd.

The account of Daniel Bartges, John Rishel executor in the last will and testament of John Bartges late of Gregg twp dec'd.

The account of T M Hall executor in the late will and testament of Charles Lucas late of Boggs twp dec'd.

The account of Henry Meyer administrator of Jacob Meyer late of Miles twp dec'd.

The trustee account of Alexander Kerr trustee to sell the Real Estate of Catherine Rankin late of Potter twp dec'd.

The executorship account of James Dunlap and Thomas F Patton executors in the last will and testament of John Archey late of Ferguson twp dec'd.

The account of Samuel J Herring and John Grove administrators of the Estate of A J Young late of Gregg twp dec'd.

The account of John W Krumrine and Mrs. M J Kepler administrators of Jacob Kepler late of Ferguson twp dec'd.

The final account of John B Leathers executor of Daniel Leathers late of Howard twp dec'd.

The account of J C Shineberger and David Stover administrators of the Estate of George Shineberger late of Harris twp dec'd.

The account of Joseph Baker administrator of Elizabeth Corbin late of Harris twp dec'd.

The account of J P Gephart trustee to sell the Real Estate of Jacob S Awl late of Harris dec'd.

The account of Louis Wetzler and Jacob Pletcher executors in the last will and testament of Jacob Wetzler late of Howard twp dec'd.

Register's Office, Bellefonte Jul. 24 '75. J. H. MORRISON, Register.

NEW GOODS!

—AT THE—

Centre Mills Store,

J. F. THRONE

has just opened a fine Stock of GENERAL MERCHANDISE which he is selling at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Consisting in

DRY GOODS,
ALPACCAS,
MOHAIRS,
PIQUES,
LAWNS,
MUSLINS,
PRINTS,
FLOUNTS,
SHIRTING,
TWEEDS,
JEANS,
COTTONADES,
FINE CASSIMERS,
EMBORDERIES,
GLOVES,
SHAWLS,
HOSIERY,
SKIRTS,
RIBBONS

and fancy articles belonging to the Grocery department Sugars, Coffees, Syrup, N. Orleans Mollasses, Domestic and Foreign Fruits, Fish Salt, everything usually found in this department.

QUEENSWARE, whole sets or dishes or by the piece.

DRUGS and PATENT MEDICINES.

WOOD and WILLOWWARE.

HARDWARE

FORKS, PA[illegible]
[illegible]AKES, SHOVELS, HOES, NAILS, &c. GENTS' CALF BOOTS, LADIES' BUTTON GAITORS & MOROCCO, CHILDRENS' SHOES of all kinds.

TOBACCO & CIGARS, all at greatly reduced prices. Call and see for yourselves. No charge for showing goods.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID for all kinds of Grain, and country Produce taken in exchange for goods.

jun23-1m.

A number of new Ryder Organs are offered at wholesale prices, by Wm. Ettinger, Aaronsburg. A rare chance to buy a good organ cheap. 15july 4t

Joseph A Young, eldest son of Brigham Young, died very suddenly on Thursday night, it is supposed of heart disease.

Obituary.

At Pine Grove Mills, Pa., on Saturday, July 31st, of Cholera Infantum, John Calvin, son of Jonathan and Sue Hess, aged 9 months and 14 days.

Death, with ruthless hand, has again visited this loving household, and, seizing another of its jewels, carried it away.

"Once, twice, thrice, yea, four times" this same relentless visitor has come and gone, taking with him each time a precious life, that we thought belonged to earth. Wilfred Clyde, Lillie Bell, and Daniel Sell, were all taken inside of eight years; the wounds inflicted by the death of those dear ones, were just beginning to heal; the heart-aches were nearly forgotten; the graves of the dead were already growing green; time was dealing gently with these parents; twin cherubs were now chattering in their home; beauty had been given for ashes, and mourning had been turned into rejoicing. But, suddenly, all was changed—wounds re-opened, heart-aches and soul-anguish renewed, weeping and mourning have come back again. The twins have been separated—one taken, the other, left. Little Johnny's companionship with his brother and sister here, has been shortened only to be length ened with those in the "Far Off" country. His prattle on earth has ceased, to be renewed in song, to Moses and the Lamb, in heaven. The evergreens placed upon his breast, and the flowers in his little hand, were beautiful emblems of his immortality, and bloom in the future, into which he has now entered. 'Tis a pleasant thought to contemplate the meeting of these children in heaven—their recognition of each other, and the infant songs they would join in singing! What a concern they, doubtless, feel for those who yet remain to struggle in life's conflicts! The afternoon was cloudy, when the large assemblage of friends and neighbors met to pay their farewell tribute to those beautiful remains—a day fittingly analogous to the feelings of the bereaved parents and friends. To the child there were no clouds, his was sunshine and glory. We need not tender our sympathy to those stricken parents, for our hearts bleed with theirs, and our tears fall in common. We need not turn their attention to the comforting words of Holy Writ, for long ago they sought and found sympathy and consolation more abiding than that which earthly friends can proffer. We close this tribute of love in the language of the Apostle, part of which was the text for the occasion, and language suitable to the child triumphing, as it did, so soon over death:—

"O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory?"

G. W. P.

NOTICE:—Notice is hereby given that the following named person has filed her petition and will make application for license at Aug. Sess. 1875.

Elizabeth Kunes.....Liberty.....Tavern
D H Ruhl.....Snow Shoe twp.....Restaurant
John Haywood...Philipsburg...Restaurant
Catharine Smith...Snow Shoe...Restaurant
Peter Weber.....Philipsburg...Restaurant
N. M. Bretzin.....Rush.....Tavern

A. WILLIAMS, Prothy.

Meyer's Poultry Powder. Warranted, if used in time, to cure chicken cholera and gapes. With a supply of this Powder, and a beaten loaf of ordinary attention to cleanliness and proper feeding, with a needful supply of Grit, grit and eggshell-forming material, any one may keep poultry (even in confinement) for many years in a time, with both profit and pleasure. Package 25 cts., five for $1.00. Ask your dealer. Sent free upon receipt of price. Address,

A. C. MEYER & CO., Baltimore.

Spring Goods,

At Potter's Mills.

I. B. M'ENTIRE.
Dealer in
Domestic Dry Goods.
Ladie's Dress Goods

of every description, embracing all the New Styles in the market. Also,

NOTIONS,
LACES, HOSIERY, GLOVES,
CLOTHING, CASIMERES,
CARPETS, OILCLOTHS, BOOTS, SHOES, GROCERIES & PROVISIONS

of every description, all of which will be sold at very low rates for CASH or its equivalent. Don't forget the place, come and see us anyhow, if you don't buy. No trouble to show goods.

Country Produce Taken in Exchange for Goods. 6may 6m.

Headquarters for Boots and Shoes!

POWERS'

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
Opposite Bush House,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

Powers' Boot & Shoe Store is the largest and best stocked establishment in Centre County.

He keeps constantly on hand a full line of

BOOTS AND SHOES.

He is just opening the largest stock of Spring Goods ever brought to Bellefonte.

FINE SHOES

for ladies, kept constantly on hand.

Boots and Shoes for men and women, of all styles, quality and prices, from the

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm Notes.

The clover crop will be short in the West. It was generally very much damaged by the hard winter, and was frozen out in many places.

"Latin and Greek are all right," said a Delaware farmer as he halted his team, "but gimme a man who can plow around an apple tree 'thouht touching the roots."

The New England Patrons purchase on an average 10,000 barrels of flour per month directly from mills owned by Grangers. The average saving is one dollar and fifty cents per barrel, or $15,000 per month.

There are over two hundred granges in Vermont. Canada has one hundred and eighty-two granges, twenty-seven having been established in May. There are one hundred and thirty-nine granges in Maryland with a membership of about 7,500.

The engineer of the Peruvian government has estimated the quantity of guano in recently discovered beds to be not less than 10,000,000 tons, or enough to load a vessel of three hundred tons every week day of the year for a century to come.

The farmers around Eufaula, Ala., are compelled to coat the ears, flanks, and other parts of their live stock with tar and grease to protect them from the buffalo gnat, and also to keep fires burning in their stock lots at night. This pest is about half the size of the common house fly, jet black, and has a hump back or shoulder like the buffalo, whence the name.

The Birds and the Insect Pests.

The Western journals are beginning to wake up to the fact that the idea which we broached some time ago, relative to the wholesale slaughter of the prairie chickens and other feathered game having its result in an increase of the grasshopper infection, is founded on substantial truth. It is admitted that the destruction of the birds has been enormous, and that they have been trapped by thousands and fed to the hogs, on the theory that pork can be salted and sold while birds cannot. Now, let the journals suggest to their readers the necessity of game laws, rigorous ones, which will impose heavy penalties not merely for killing the chickens, but for exposing them for sale, and let local authorities see that such enactments are enforced to the letter. If this be done, and if the Western inventors will give more attention to devising exterminating machinery, by next year the hoppers, between the scorching from the machines and the hungry crops of the birds, will find life utterly devoid of pleasure, and perhaps may be induced to migrate out of the United States territory, say to Canada or Mexico.

There is another reason why the birds should be spared, and that is the potato bug. Prairie chickens and quail, it is said, will eat the insects, and other birds are said to feed upon them greedily.—*Scientific American.*

Lunch for Travelling.

Cold baked chicken, and other meats, carved before starting, cold boiled eggs, Graham crackers, brown bread, pickled fruit of almost any kind, and jellies—these are greatly relished by hungry travelers. Pies and cake are less in demand by the locomotive stomach in a healthy condition, than the substantials. If one must have tea and coffee on the rail, he or she can carry a tin cup to be filled at stopping places with the beverage ready made or with sealing water and make the infusion in the car. On many accounts it is better on a long journey to carry one's lunch than it is to depend for refreshments on way stations. It is cheaper, it is more trustworthy, for one always knows just what he's going to have, and then one can eat at leisure, which is a great consideration. If the appetite craves a warm dinner, it may be taken at the dinner stopping place; if otherwise, when all the rest of the passengers are hurrying and scurrying to get places at the table, eat, and reach their seats before the cars start, our provident traveler sits quietly, enjoys his victuals at his leisure, and has a good time philosophizing on the necessity and folly of being in a hurry.

The Apple Tree Borer.

As this is the proper season of the year to prevent the apple borer from getting into the young orchard, I will offer a few suggestions, the result of ten years' experience, with a hope that others will try it. Ten years ago I planted a young orchard, and every spring I run off a quantity of weak lye from the ash hopper, after the ashes were too much spent for soap making, and with that I scrubbed my trees, using an old cornbroom. I also collected soot from my stovepipes, and saved it carefully until spring, mixing two parts good wood ashes to one of soot. About the middle of June I would clean away from about the trees all grass and trash, and remove suckers, and apply one quart of the soot and ashes around the collar and wet it to keep it from blowing away, also pressing it down with the foot. Now I do not say that this is new, but simply that I never had a borer in the orchard. The tent caterpillar I destroy with a long-handled stiff broom; this I do early in the morning while they are in their tents, and it should be attended to every morning until they are all hatched out and destroyed.

Cure for Gapes in Chickens.

A correspondent of the London *Field* has the following for the benefit of poultry men who are troubled with this disease: One day I noticed a flock of eleven pure bred Creve-Cœur chickens very bad with what is called gapes. I remarked to the man who had them in charge that he would not have many chickens out of that lot. "Oh, never mind," said he, "I have got a cure for them from a neighboring woman, which is a common half-penny tallow candle melted and mixed into about a quart of oat meal stirabout." The remedy was resorted to, and the Creve-Cœurs have every one recovered and grown into finely developed chickens. I have since tried this cure with invariable success on Brahamas, Dorkings, etc.

Birds as Helpers.

Our friends, the insect-eating birds, have been ruthlessly destroyed in all parts of the country, and a war of extermination is still going on in communities where we might expect better things. These are but a small number of the causes which might be named, all working together in giving the noxious insects the advantage over the husbandman, and bringing disastrous results where good would come if an opposite course had been pursued.—*New York Sun.*

To Get Rid of Ants.

Lay old bones or sponges saturated with molasses and water where they most do congregate, taking away everything else edible from that locality. When the bones are black with them or the sponges populous with them give them a bath in scalding water. This remedy is tedious, but it is effective. If any one can give a better a Detroit lady will be very glad to have it.

An Annoying Insect.

The worst insect pest of tropical America, says a traveler, is the terrible fire-ant, whose sting is likened to the puncture of a red-hot needle. It is found only on sandy soils in open places, and seems to thrive most near houses and in weedy villages. Towns are sometimes deserted on account of this little tormentor. It is a small species, of a shining red color, not greatly differing from the common red stinging ant of our own country, except that the pain and irritation caused by its sting are much greater. Where it abounds, the whole soil is undermined by it; the ground is perforated with the entrances to their subterranean galleries, and a little sandy dome occurs here and there where the insects bring their young to receive warmth near the surface. Houses are overrun with them; they disperse in every fragment of food with which inhabitants, and destroy clothing for the sake of the starch. All eatables have to be suspended in baskets from the rafters, and the cords well soaked with copaiba balsam, which is the only means known to prevent them from climbing. They seem to attack persons out of sheer malice. The legs of tables, chairs, and stools, and the cords of hammocks, have to be smeared in the same way.

THE CASE OF BROWN.

A Sad, Sad Story of the Misery that a Lover of Rum Wrought.

Here is the true story of Bessy Brown, as brought to us in the late Philadelphia papers. Not as pleasant reading, perhaps, the *Tribune* says, as the last fine fancy in poem or novel to take with us to the shady nook or beach, but useful.

Five or six years ago William Brown was a sober, hearty young fellow, well educated for his station, and with a kin l heart and pleasant manner, which made him a favorite with all his kinsfolk and brought him plenty of friends. The friends led him to take a glass or two now and then; the glass or two became naturally steady drink; the drink brought dismissal from his shop, idleness, dissolute habits. Still, Brown was, to his friends, "a good fellow," with no fault which sobriety would not cure—nobody's enemy, in short, but his own. About a year and a half ago, going out to the park one day, he met in a car a neat, pretty young girl, who was introduced to him as Bessy Hersheimer. "From the first moment I saw her I loved her," he says, and there is no reason to doubt that the poor wretch has loved and been faithful to his wife from that day until now. Love, however, never kept any drunken man from abusing his wife, or making his home a foretaste of hell. The girl bore with him for some months and then left him, supporting herself by sewing. "Will," she stated, "followed her, drunk or sober," watched her continually, being jealous, naturally enough, as his wife was pretty, and resolutely refused to go back to her life of misery with him. One night he saw her accost some man upon the street, in all innocence, very likely, but it drove him to frenzy. The next day, according to his own account, being sober, he avoided her, but in the evening he went to a saloon for a drink, and shortly afterward met her with another woman. He asked her if she wanted money; she replied by a taunt; "then," as one of the witnesses testifies, "he threw his arm about her neck, and, I think, kissed her, and the next moment I saw the blood streaming from her throat."

She died almost instantly, and Brown escaped. He went to some of his kinsfolk and told them what he had done. They "liked Will," and hid his bloody clothes, gave him another shirt, and set him on his way. The man escaped from the police, who were beating the country for him, and reached Reading. There was nothing to bar his way further until safety was secure. But he turned and came deliberately back, lay secreted for two or three days in the woods near Philadelphia, and then made his way to his wife's grave. The lieutenant of police of the district, knowing what manner of man he had to deal with, and his morbid affection for the woman he had murdered, had placed a watch about the cemetery, expressing his belief that Brown would come back to his wife even there. When he was arrested a letter to his mother was found on him which shows his intention of killing himself when he had reached the grave. Nothing in fiction or history—not the agonies of Fagin, nor the face of his victim that pursued Eugene Aram by night and noonday—is more tragic than this letter written by the murderer to his mother from time to time, as he fled through the country, a horror of great darkness pursuing him. It is not the gallows that he sees or cares for, but "Bessy's blood running down her neck," or his own hand wet with it. He sees himself dead in his coffin, with a dreadful self-pity, and bids his mother bring some young people of whom he is fond to look at him, as a warning against liquor. It is not Bessy that he blames; "she is an angel waiting for him to cross the river;" nor himself—the "Will" that his mother knew and he knew; but the liquor—the liquor. "If I had not taken even that last drink, this would not have happened."

Brown is in prison now, waiting his trial. Whatever the verdict may be, we may be sure he has himself placed the guilt where it belongs.

The Original Confederate Flag.

At a recent meeting the Palmetto Guard were made the recipients of the first Confederate flag raised in the late struggle, and as this banner was identified with the career of the company, it is doubly prized as a relic of the past. The donor, Mr. John S. Bird, of Laurens, an old member of the company, in a letter accompanying the flag, thus tersely gives its history: In 1860, before the passage of the ordinance of secession by this State, Captain Edward Mills, of the bark Jones, belonging to the Palmetto line of New York packets, raised this flag at his masthead in New York harbor, and his vessel was mobbed, but they could not compel him to strike his colors. On his return a gold headed palmetto cane was presented to him by some of the Palmetto Guard, and in turn he transferred to them the custody of the flag. The secession of the State was quickly followed by aggressive military movements, and the flag accompanied the Palmetto Guard in their various encampments. At the siege of Sumter it marked their parade ground, and was used in the truce boat that met the United States barges. The Palmetto Guard occupied the fort immediately after the surrender of Anderson, and this flag was the first raised on its walls after the salute and before F. J. Moses, Jr., had arrived at the fort. The flag remained with the company until they were mustered for the war, and was then taken by Mr. Bird to his home, and has since remained in his charge.—*Charleston News.*

The Invention of the Wheelbarrow.

Says a writer in *Scribner:* It takes a gentleman to do a little thing sometimes. Who do you think invented that very simple thing called a wheelbarrow? Why, no less a man than Leonardo da Vinci. And who was he? He was a musician, poet, painter, architect, sculptor, physiologist, engineer, natural historian, botanist and inventor, all in one. He wasn't a "Jack at all trades and master of none" either. He was a real master of many arts and a practical worker besides. When did he live? Somewhere about the time that Columbus discovered America. And where was he born? In the beautiful city of Florence, in Italy. Perhaps some of you may feel a little better acquainted with him when I tell you that it was Leonardo da Vinci who painted one of the greatest pictures in the world, "The Last Supper," a picture that has been copied many times and engraved in several styles, so that almost every one has an idea of the arrangement and position at the table of the figures of our Lord and His disciples, though I am told that, without seeing the painting itself, no one can form a notion of how grand and beautiful it is. And only think of the thousands of poor, hard-working Americans who really own, in their wheelbarrow, an original "work" of Leonardo da Vinci.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

At the central market in Detroit, a long-haired man mounted a box and commenced: "My friends, who hath redness of eyes? The drunkard. Who hath woe? The drunkard. Heaven sends us pure cold water. There is nothing like w——." At that moment a boy who was throwing water from a garden hose used around there, accidently turned the stream against the stranger's back, and he jumped down and said it was a case of assault, and ran after a warrant. He said that no human being could throw cold water over him without being made to suffer for it.

A BEAR STORY.—A good deal of excitement was roused in Luther, Canada, by the report that a little son of one of the villagers had been carried off by a wild bear. It seems that a servant girl, accompanied by a little boy, went for the cows, which were in a piece of bush a short distance from the house, when they came across a bear, which seized the little fellow by the back. The girl heroically came to his aid with shouts and sticks, when brutin became alarmed, let go his hold of the little boy, and retreated a short distance into the bush. Several parties started in pursuit with guns and dogs, but failed in getting a shot at the bear.

"Murder Will Out."

Few murderers escape without meeting with the awful punishment due to their crimes. Many strange stories, indeed, have been told of this kind, some of which, however, it must be confessed, stand on too good authority to be rejected. The following is translated from a respectable publication at Basle, in Switzerland: A person who worked in a brewery quarreled with one of his fellow-workmen, and struck him in such a manner that he died upon the spot. No other person was witness to the deed. He then took the dead body and threw it into a large fire under the boiling vat, where it was in a short time so completely consumed that no trace of its existence remained. On the following day, when the man was missed, the murderer observed very coolly that he had observed his fellow servant to have been intoxicated; and that he had probably fallen from a bridge which he had to crossed on his way home, and been drowned. For the space of seven years after no one entertained any suspicions of the real state of the fact. At the end of this period the murderer was again employed in the same brewery. Having retired one evening to rest, one of the other workmen, who slept with him, hearing him say in his sleep: "It is now full seven years ago," asked him: What was it you did seven years ago?" "I put him," replied he, still speaking in his sleep, "under the boiling vat." As the affair was not entirely forgotten, it immediately occurred to the man that his bedfellow must allude to the person who was missing about that time, and he accordingly gave information of what he had heard to a magistrate. The murderer was apprehended; and though at first he denied that he knew anything of the matter, a confession of his crime was at length obtained from him, for which he suffered condign punishment.

The following event happened in the neighborhood of Frankfort-upon-the-Oder: A woman, conceiving that her husband, who was a soldier in the Prussian service, had been killed in the battle of Jena, in 1806, married another man. It turned out that her husband had been only wounded, and taken prisoner by the French. A cure was soon effected, and he joined one of the Prussian regiments which entered into the pay of France. After serving three years in Spain, he was discharged; returned suddenly to his native country, and appeared greatly rejoiced to find his wife alive. She received him with every mark of affection, but did not avow the new matrimonial connection she had formed. After partaking of some refreshment, he complained of being quite overcome with fatigue, and retired to rest. She immediately joined with her new husband to dispatch the unwelcome visitor in his sleep, which they accomplished by strangling him, and put his body into a sack. About midnight, in conveying it to the Oder, the weight of the corpse burst the bag, and one of his legs hung out. The woman set about sewing up the rent, and in her hurry and confusion sewed in at the same time the skirts of her accomplice's coat. Having reached the banks of the river, and making a great effort to precipitate his load as far into the stream as possible, he was dragged from the elevated ground he had chosen into the river, but contrived to keep his head above water for several minutes. The woman, not considering how important it was to keep silent, filled the air with cries, and brought to the spot several peasants, who, at the hazard of their own lives, extricated the drowning man from his perilous situation, at the same time discovering the cause. The man and woman were charged with the crime, made a full confession, and were executed together.

The Great What Is It.

"What is the Keely motor?" This is the question over which many are puzzling their brains in vain. For whatever this power may be, a definite knowledge of its capabilities is said to be known only to four men, including the inventor or discoverer, Mr. Keely. According to the statements of those who are in the secret, this newly discovered power is destined to revolutionize the entire mechanical world, and to render possible feats which now seem beyond the power of the most perfect machinery in the world. Guns are to be fired by the same power that drives the ship that carries them; explosions are to be rendered comparatively harmless; engines of 5,000 horsepower are to be constructed so as to occupy no more space than an ordinary steam engine; and all the marvels which are accomplished by steam are to be performed with infinitely greater ease by the cold vapor evolved from air and water. This is what the Keely motor proposes to do, for Mr. Keely claims to have discovered one of the powers of nature by which vapor can be produced. At present the great anxiety of the discoverer and his few confidential friends seems to be to keep the secret of what this motor is until they have perfected the system of working the power, so as to be able to take out letters patent that will protect them. Then the public will be informed about the matter more fully. Meanwhile there will be many unbelievers in a new agency of such tremendous force, while others, remembering the history of inventions and discoveries, will watch with credulous interest for further developments.

Who Wouldn't be an Editor.

The editor of the Vicksburg *Herald* is incensed at the remark of a New York York journal that four of the editors of the *Herald* had been killed in as many months, and claims that the *Sentinel* is the guilty party, which had five of its editors killed and then died itself. The *Herald* states that "Dr. James Hagan, the first on the list, was killed in a street encounter by the late Gen. D. W. Adams; Walter Hickey, another, was killed in a duel in Texas; Mr. Ryan, the third, was killed opposite Vicksburg in a duel with the late Richard Hammet, who was a journalist himself, and the editor of the *Whig;* two others, John Jenkins and W. D. Roy, were killed in the streets of the city." But, according to his own confession, the editor of the *Herald* exchanged shots many years ago with Dr. Hagan, the first named of the above victims, and received a bullet in his body from the Doctor's weapon, and subsequently had an affair of honor with Col. Isaac M. Partridge, then editor of the *Whig,* and sent the *Whig* man off with a broken leg or something. The pistol is evidently mightier than the pen in Vicksburg.

A Desperate Duel.

The Cologne *Gazette* learns from South Russia that a new development of the so-called "American duel" has made its appearance there. Two young men, rich, of good family, and intimate friends for a long period, recently became enamored of an actress. The immediate result was a coldness and distrust, which ended in the transmission of a challenge from one to the other. It was agreed, therefore, that the dispute should be decided by lot in the "American" style. The man who drew the shorter straw was to give up home, position in society and wealth, and retire to a foreign land to begin life again empty-handed. The drawing duly took place, and the loser, after spending a few days in the settlement of his affairs and the bestowal of his possessions for public purposes, left his native place on foot, without a knapsack on his back or a coin in his pocket, to take a position as tutor in the neighborhood, that he might earn enough to pay his fare to America.

Excited.

President White, of Cornell University, did not stand upon his dignity when he heard of the second victory of the Cornell crew. The Auburn *Advertiser* says: He was taking dinner when he received the dispatch announcing the result, and became so excited that he rushed from the table, headed for the university, and arriving there, finding the doors locked, kicked them in and made for the ringing apparatus of the chimes, which he pulled so vigorously as to disarrange the machinery, causing considerable delay before it could be adjusted and the ringing proceeded with.

The Frightful Inundations in France.

To form an idea of the causes of the inundation in the south of France, one has to look at the physical geography of the departments. They lie on the northern slopes of the Pyrenees, intersected by numerous and rapid rivers, of which at least four unite to form the Garonne before it reaches Toulouse. There had been heavy and continuous rain over the whole of the mountain range, and a fall of snow at Luz, where it would swell the headwaters of the Garonne, and a contributory cause is furnished by the great destruction of timber in the district. Trees not only absorb water largely from the soil, but prevent the surface from being baked and hardened by the sun, and they check the rapidity and abruptness with which rain would otherwise reach the ground. When it falls unimpeded upon dry and barren hillsides, it will run from them almost as freely as from the sloping roofs of houses, and a few hours will carry the water of the mountain storm to swell the volume of the nearest river. It is easy to be wise after the event; but in a district so situated there is great room for measures of prevention, and the riparian authorities, whoever they may be, should be entrusted with powers commensurate to the magnitude of the recurring evils which, by wise precautions, they might do much to mitigate or avert. Even after all is done, however, the resistable force of water may prove too much for human foresight.

The *Telegraph*, contrasting the English and French in the presence of such disasters, says:

In such emergencies the lower and even the middle classes in France become all but helpless. Energy seems to be paralyzed, precedents appear to be forgotten, and experience to have lost its utility; the administrative machine, which in times of tranquility runs with such beautiful smoothness, is hopelessly thrown out of gear; and, although individual acts of heroism are common enough, yet officiality as a rule becomes benumbed; prefects and sub-prefects lose their heads; and private generosity, with all the good will in the world, shows itself to be straggling, ill-directed and inefficient. Centralization, in fine, is put crucially on its trial, and breaks down, as it has broken down fifty times before. In England the appearance of the chief of the state on the scene of a great public calamity would be deemed wholly unnecessary, and weeks would elapse ere Parliament was officially made acquainted with the extent of the misfortune and the need for alleviating it by a grant of public money; but, in France, personal government, although its principle is indignantly scouted by an advanced school of politicians, is, in practice, accepted and called upon in cases of unusual peril not only by all shades of party, but by millions who are not politicians at all.

A Border Romance.

A romantic incident comes to us from the borders of Kansas, which reads like a veritable Indian story. Among the settlers was a man named Falconer, who had a daughter aged seventeen, who was engaged to be married to a young farmer living near by. The night of the wedding arrived, and at the appointed time the bridegroom appeared, but the young lady had not left her room. Her parents, went to the door to warn her that the time for the performance of the ceremony had arrived, when they found the room empty. It was early evening and not yet dusk, so they walked to the window to endeavor to discover the truant. Their horror may be imagined when they saw, rapidly disappearing through the timber on the creek bank, a man carrying in his arms the form of a young girl, which, from the dress, they immediately recognized as that of their daughter. In an instant the alarm was given, and the whole party, well armed, started in pursuit. Within a few minutes they were in gunshot of the fugitive, but were unable to use their weapons in consequence of his shielding his body with the loved form of the bride-elect. The young lover was almost frantic, and in his frenzy appeared to have gained the fleetness of the antelope. Overtaking the almost breathless abductor, he seized him, and after a brief struggle, wrested the girl from him, at the same time discovering that the abductor was a Cheyenne Indian who had been around the neighborhood for a year or two.

Thereupon time that the farmer regained his sweetheart, the savage, with an eel-like wriggle, escaped from his hold and started on a keen run down the creek. The pursuers, however, were too much for him, and one of their number brought him to the ground by means of a well-aimed bullet from a needle-gun. It was soon ascertained that the red man was only wounded in the thigh. He was then taken prisoner and lodged in a neighboring dug-out, from which by some means he escaped during the night, carrying the needle-gun ball in his thigh and has not since been heard of, although a diligent search has been made by the friends of the young lady, whose wedding has been indefinitely postponed in consequence of an attack of brain fever, the result of the fright she received.

The American Cup.

After a spirited contest Major Fulton has won the cup offered for competition to the American riflemen by the council of the British National Rifle Association, his score being 133 out of a possible 150. The cup does not become his property, but he will have the honor of conveying it to America, where it is to be shot for on terms to be decided by the council of the American National Rifle Association. The scores made by our riflemen were remarkably good and excited general admiration. Mr. Canfield, Jr., pushed Major Fulton very hard and defeated both Colonel Gildersleeve and Mr. Coleman. The shooting for this cup was a severe test of markmanship. Each contestant had to fire thirty shots, and the distance selected was the one at which it was thought the American riflemen were least expert. The splendid scores piled up, however, were a corrective to the opinion that the Americans were weak at the thousand yards. The shooting also exploded the notion that breech-loaders, except when loaded at the muzzle, were not equal to the British muzzle-loaders in accuracy. On account of this mistaken idea a rule was this year made at Wimbledon compelling breech-loaders to be loaded from the breech.

This rule was specially aimed at Major Fulton, whose accurate shooting was in great part ascribed to the mysterious effects supposed to be produced by loading his rifle at the muzzle. A glance at the splendid target he made will show the unsoundness of this idea. Nineteen bull's-eyes out of thirty shots bear witness to the splendid accuracy of the American breech-loading arms, which have proved their superiority over the cherished old-fashioned muzzle-loader as completely as did the men who used them over their competitors. One of the first effects of the shooting at Wimbledom and Dollymount will be the abandonment of the muzzle-loader as a target rifle. The breech-loader has so many obvious advantages over the older system that it will be impossible for the most obstinate to deny its superiority now that it has been conclusively shown to possess the greatest possible accuracy at the longest ranges.

Ravages of the Grasshoppers.

A special correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, who has been through the grasshopper regions for the purpose of examining the condition of things occurring from the ravages committed by the insects, says he finds the northern portions of Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, and Missouri, which have been the principal sufferers, embrace a district equal to about 20,000 square miles, in which from one-half to three-fourths of the growing crops have been destroyed, involving the loss of sixty days' labor of about 20,000 people engaged in agricultural pursuits. Replanting has taken place once, twice, thrice in some of the districts, and now that the grasshoppers have disappeared, fair crops are looked for if the weather is favorable and the fall frosts are late. There is no destitution or suffering this year, and in those portions of the States not devastated the crops will be larger than ever before.

Served Him Right.

The Portland (Me.) *Advertiser* describes the following adventure of Mr. John Neal, the veteran author, poet, and critic of that city:

A number of our oldest citizens, including John Neal, were riding up home in the street cars, about six P. M., as is their wont, when two young roughs, perhaps twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, jumped on the front platform of the car, one of them puffing away at a villianous cigar. The front door was open, and the clouds of smoke rolling in the car almost choked the occupants. At last one of the older gentlemen could stand it no longer, and so remarked, at which one of the others touched the smoker, saying that the smoke was very offensive, and that the rules of the company did not permit smoking on the cars. To this appeal the man paid no more attention than if he had been a statue. Mr. John Neal, leaning forward, remarked as follows: "Young man, that smoke is very offensive, and you must put that cigar out."

"Is that so, old man?" replied the rough, lazily looking over his shoulder at Mr. Neal, without removing the cigar from his mouth.

The color in the old gentleman's face rose steadily, but repressing his wrath he again remarked: "Young man, that cigar must be put out. Smoking is not allowed on the cars."

"Well, old man, what are you going to do about it?" replied the rough.

With the quickness of lightning Mr. Neal made a bound on to that platform, seized the cigar from the man's mouth, and flung it in the street. With one hand he grasped the rough by the nape of the neck and with the other by the left forearm, raised him off his feet and dashed him to the platform, and as he placed his foot on him he exclaimed in quivering tones: "Thank your stars, young man, I did not pitch you into the street after your cigar."

The fellow was completely cowed. When we remember that Mr. Neal is eighty-four years old, the mere physical energy and power displayed was something remarkable. Every one will say that he served the rough just right.

Incidents of the Flood.

The following are among the numerous incidents related in the Paris journals: In the flooded plain between St. Jory and Castelnau, a boat containing fifteen persons came into collision with a poplar tree and was upset. Fourteen of these were drowned, and the survivor, a girl fifteen years of age, has lost her reason. At Anterive a family of four persons took refuge in the branches of an elm, a great part of which was swept away by the torrent, and the four people clinging to its branches were drowned. At Roques and at Pinsaguel, it is stated, the crosses, the statues of the Virgin, and the images of the saints, are the only things that the waters have spared. A poor peasant woman in this district remarked: "God punishes France. In the north it has been war; in the south it is the inundations. It is time for us to open our eyes." At St. Gaudens a Newfoundland dog saved in succession twelve persons, dashing into the rushing torrent bravely, but making the attempt a thirteenth time the poor animal was drowned. At Huos, at the confluence of the Garonne, the family of a M. Tourment had succeeded in getting into a boat, which was overturned. M. Tourment the younger, however, with desperate efforts, managed to save all his relatives. In the apartment for the injured at the Hotel Dieu, in St. Cyprien, is a young man whose foot has been much hurt. Unaided he had saved sixty persons. At Castelsarrasin a young mother took her two infants (twins at the breast), tied them together, and placed them in a large wooden trough, used for kneading bread, and committed it to the waves, hoping that it would save her children's lives, as she felt that her house was about to fall. The improvised boat swam safely for a time, but soon afterward the current dashed it against the trunk of a tree, where it was broken. The poor woman, to whom maternal love gave a superhuman force, succeeded in seizing a branch and climbed into the tree. But it was too weak and began to crack ominously. She then rapidly tied the infants to a branch, kissed them, made the sign of the cross, and leaped into the waves. The two little twins were saved, but the devoted mother was drowned.

A Horse Tamer's Horse.

Probably no horse was ever more generally known than the celebrated horse Cruiser, imported from England in 1861 by John S. Rarey, whose system of horse taming was for some time the sensation in this country and England. When Mr. Rarey went to England his system was thoroughly put to the test by contact with Cruiser, an animal that was so vicious that he was closely and continuously confined in a stable, in such a way that he could by no possibility reach anybody, either with his mouth or heels. His food was delivered to him through a sort of funnel, and he seemed to have been kept solely as an extremely wicked curiosity. His splendid muscle and activity gave him the widest scope for the exercise of his incorrigibility, and he is said to have kicked so high as to strike a board floor fourteen feet above the floor on which he stood. Ordinarily, it was only the work of a few minutes for Mr. Rarey to tame a horse, but it took him three hours to subdue the terrific Cruiser. After putting Cruiser under control, Mr. Rarey purchased him and brought him to this country, and placed him on the Rarey farm, at Groveport, in Ohio, where he became popular among breeders. He became so gentle that the people about the Rarey farm could fondle him as they would a kitten, and his colts were noted for their kind disposition. Strangers, however, were not permitted to have much to do with him. This was to prevent teasing and the revival of the old propensities. Cruiser died at the Rarey farm recently at the age of twenty-two.

A Wife's Trick.

A lady occupying a high position at Washington, whose husband was of the government, made a trip to Europe with him. She "doted" on lace, and here was her opportunity. Talking of the acquisitions she would make in this line, he told her she should purchase any reasonable quantity, provided she would not smuggle any. To this she accepted. The gentleman took as part of his wardrobe a dressing gown, for, like most Americans, in the privacy of his room he liked to pull off his coat. Several times on the ship he observed the care his wife took of his garment, and was gratified for her anxiety for his comfort. Once when smoking, while lighting his cigar, he set his gown on fire and quite a hole was burned in the skirt. His wife was considerably agitated, and he was flattered that so trifling a danger to him had so moved her. One morning immediately after their return to this country he found that before he reached his office that keys he needed he had left at home, and retraced his steps to get them. Letting himself in with his latch-key he proceeded to his chamber, and on opening the door found his wife on her knees on the floor, his dressing-gown divested of its lining and spread before her, and she, scissors in hand, disengaging from it a white, flimsy fabric with which it was covered. She sprang up on seeing him, laughed, and exclaimed: "You are the smuggler. You wore that lace all over Europe, and brought it home."

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—Captain Eads reports that provisional works 1,000 feet long have already been constructed in the south pass of the Mississippi on the line of the jetty and are being pushed seaward at the rate of two hundred feet per day. Two hundred mechanics and laborers and four pile-driving machines are at work, and a large quantity of stone with other material is ready at hand. Additional machinery and accommodations are being prepared, and in a short time the working force will be largely increased.

If a man has got something to say, it is proper to let him say it. If he is a reasonable man he will be satisfied with the permission to speak, and not expect you to quit work and listen to him.

A THRILLING STORY.

Sad Experience of an Unfortunate Lady—The Wife of an Army Officer Assaulted on a Tugboat—Her Escape from an Insane Asylum.

About twelve o'clock at night, says the New York *Times*, a woman of about twenty-eight years of age, shabbily dressed, but of a refined and delicate appearance, was taken into the fourth precint station by a patrolman. She there complained that an assault had been made upon her by five men on board the tugboat Mike Norton. Capt. Williams at once went to the boat, which was lying at the wharf on the East river, and after surrounding her with a cordon of patrolmen, made a search of the cabins and engine room, but succeeded in finding only one person, a boy of about seventeen years, who was asleep in the galley. He then made inquiry on board of the other vessels lying near, but could learn nothing of the crew of the tug. He then determined to make another and more thorough search of the boat, and this time was more successful. Two men were found hidden in the run or lower hold of the vessel, and when the officer who found them was taking them to the pier, holding his lantern in his teeth and his club in one hand, and leading the men with the other, one of them jumped overboard. As there was a clear space of from thirty to forty feet around the vessel, it was thought that he might be easily recaptured on coming to the surface, but, to the surprise of all, he was seen no more.

Capt. Williams then ordered a careful search to be made along the docks, and conducted it in person, to see whether there were any traces of any man having landed on the piers in wet clothing, but could find nothing to indicate that any such landing had been made. Just as he was about to leave with his prisoners a man, who claimed to be the captain of the tug, came up, and appeared to be very indignant that any arrests should have been made on board of his vessel. There was something very peculiar about his appearance, however, that induced Capt. Williams to arrest him also. This was that he was dressed from head to foot in perfectly new clothes, the soles of his shoes showing that they had been worn only a very short time, the gloss being still on them. He was accordingly taken to the station house with the others. There he gave his name as Philip Ryan, the name of the other man being George Miller. They were confronted with the complainant, who fully identified them.

The boy, she said, she had not seen. The men were taken to the Tombs police court, where they were committed without bail by Justice Duffy, on complaint of Capt. Williams, and the boy was discharged, there being nothing against him.

The lady who was assaulted gave her name as Louisa Merritt. She told Capt. Williams that she was the wife of Col. Merritt, of the United States army, and that about three weeks ago she had made her escape from a lunatic asylum near Washington, D. C. She had been confined there by her husband, she said, a year ago last September, in order to break her of the habit of eating morphine. At the time mentioned she managed to make her escape through a hole in the wall, and went to Alexandria, Va., on foot. From there she went to Baltimore, and thence to Philadelphia, where she remained for some days. She then sold a heavy gold ring she had in her possession and procured a few necessary articles of clothing. She saw in the Philadelphia newspapers that Detective McDevitt, of Washington, was in the city, and fearing that he might be looking for her, determined to go away at once. She therefore took the train for Jersey City, where she arrived on Tuesday morning.

Hoping to find a situation she looked over the advertisements in the daily papers, and saw that a stewardness was needed on a steamer, and came to New York to apply for the position. She lost her way during the day, and at last, when she attempted to return to Jersey City, became bewildered and wandered aimlessly about. Near eleven o'clock at night she found herself in South street, and while standing on a corner was approached by a man who asked her what she was doing there. She told him her story, and he said he was the agent of the vessel she was looking for, and told her he would take here on board. She then went with him to the tug Mike Norton, and entered the cabin with him. After she had been there a short time four other men made their appearance, and the assault was made. The moment she effected her escape she sought the protection of the first patrolman she met, who took her to the police station, with the result above stated. It was with great difficulty that Capt. Williams could get her to tell her story, as she said that she did not want her troubles to be made public, and that all she desired was to be allowed to go away in safety. She appealed to the officer for protection only. Half a dozen coarse cotton handkerchiefs found in her possession are marked "C. E. Waldron." She accounts for this by saying that she bought them in Philadelphia, and had them so marked because she proposed to take that name, as she has a brother-in-law by the name of Charles E. Waldron in Boston, a member of a large iron firm. Besides the handkerchiefs a quantity of morphine was found in one of her pockets, and Capt. Williams says he thinks she was under its influence at the time she was brought to the station. He says that her manner and language indicate that she is a refined and cultivated lady, though evidently suffering from the excessive use of morphine. A medical examination disclosed the fact that she has several severe bruises on her arms.

The Elysium of Bummers.

San Francisco is the elysium of "bummers." Nowhere else can a worthless fellow, too lazy to work, too cowardly to steal, get on so well. The climate befriends him, for he can sleep out of doors four-fifths of the year, and the free lunch opens to him boundless vistas of carnal delights. He can gorge himself daily for a nominal sum; get a dinner that a king might envy for fifty cents. There are two classes of saloons where these midday repasts are furnished—"two-bit" places and "one-bit" places. In the first he gets a drink and a meal; in the second a drink and a meal of inferior quality. He pays for the drink (twenty-five or fifteen cents, according to the grade of the place) and gets his meal for nothing. This consists, in the better class of establishments, of soup, boiled salmon, roast beef of the best quality, bread and butter, potatoes, tomatoes, crackers and cheese. Many of these places are fitted up in a style of almost Oriental grandeur. A stranger, entering one of them casually, might labor under the delusion that he had found his way, by mistake, to the *salon* of a San Francisco millionaire. He would find immense mirrors reaching from floor to ceiling; carpets of the finest texture and the most exquisite pattern; massive tables covered with papers and periodicals; the walls embellished with expensive paintings. A large picture which had adorned a famous drinking and free-lunch house was sold the other day for $12,500. Some of the keepers are men of education and culture. One is an art critic of high local repute, who has written a book, and a very readable one, of San Francisco reminiscences.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Grafting New Skin Upon a Wound.

Of late years one of the most important and useful operations in surgery has been that of grafting new and healthy skin upon a wound or sore and thus establishing the healing process and obtaining a cicatrization. Hitherto the particles of skin have been taken from some sound part of the patient's body and to the diseased or injured part, but M. Anger has recently demonstrated that pieces of skin may be taken from amputated limbs and used successfully in heteroplasty. In one case M. Anger took strips of skin from the palmer surface of an amputated finger and applied them to the ulcerated leg of another person. In three days the bandages were removed and the grafted parts found firmly united to the surface and evidently vascularized. To insure success it is necessary that the graft be made immediately upon amputation.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Items of Interest from Home and Abroad

Owing to the prevalence of incendiarism in Canada, the London insurance companies will withdraw their agencies shortly ..... The challenge cup, competed for at Wimbledon by the Americans alone, was won by Fulton..... The total revenue receipts of the French government for the last six months show an increase of $79,000,000 over those of the corresponding period last year.....The bankers' convention at Saratoga adopted resolutions favoring immediate resumption of specie payments..... Dry weather is doing immense damage to the cotton crops of Georgia.....A terrible fight occurred in Perdado, Escambia county, Ala., between two families, Hatlett, and Byers, in which six men, consisting of father and two sons on each side, were engaged. Five of the party were killed outright, while the sixth and last has a load of buckshot in his side, which must cause death. .....Accountant Warren, of New York city, who has been examining the New York State treasury at the request of Treasurer Raines, has just completed that work, and reports having found everything all right..... Alexander and Wm. Collie, who recently failed in London, have been arrested for procuring money on false pretenses. They were held in $40,000 bail each. One of the banks holds their paper to the amount of $2,500,000.

The Maryland Democratic convention nominated John Lee Carroll for governor. The platform protests against a high protective tariff; and against the multiplication of federal offices and the unusually high salaries; deplores the abuses of federal patronage, which tend to corrupt the States and free institutions; that agriculture, manufactures and commerce should be the equal care of well-regulated governments; protests against an increase of the circulating currency, and demands the resumption of specie payment at the earliest practicable moment; opposes the granting of subsidies....The contest at Wimbledon between the Irish, Scotch and English rifle teams for the Elcho shield, resulted in a victory for the Irish, who made 1,506 points, to the Sc